WEEK ENDING OCT. 4 1924

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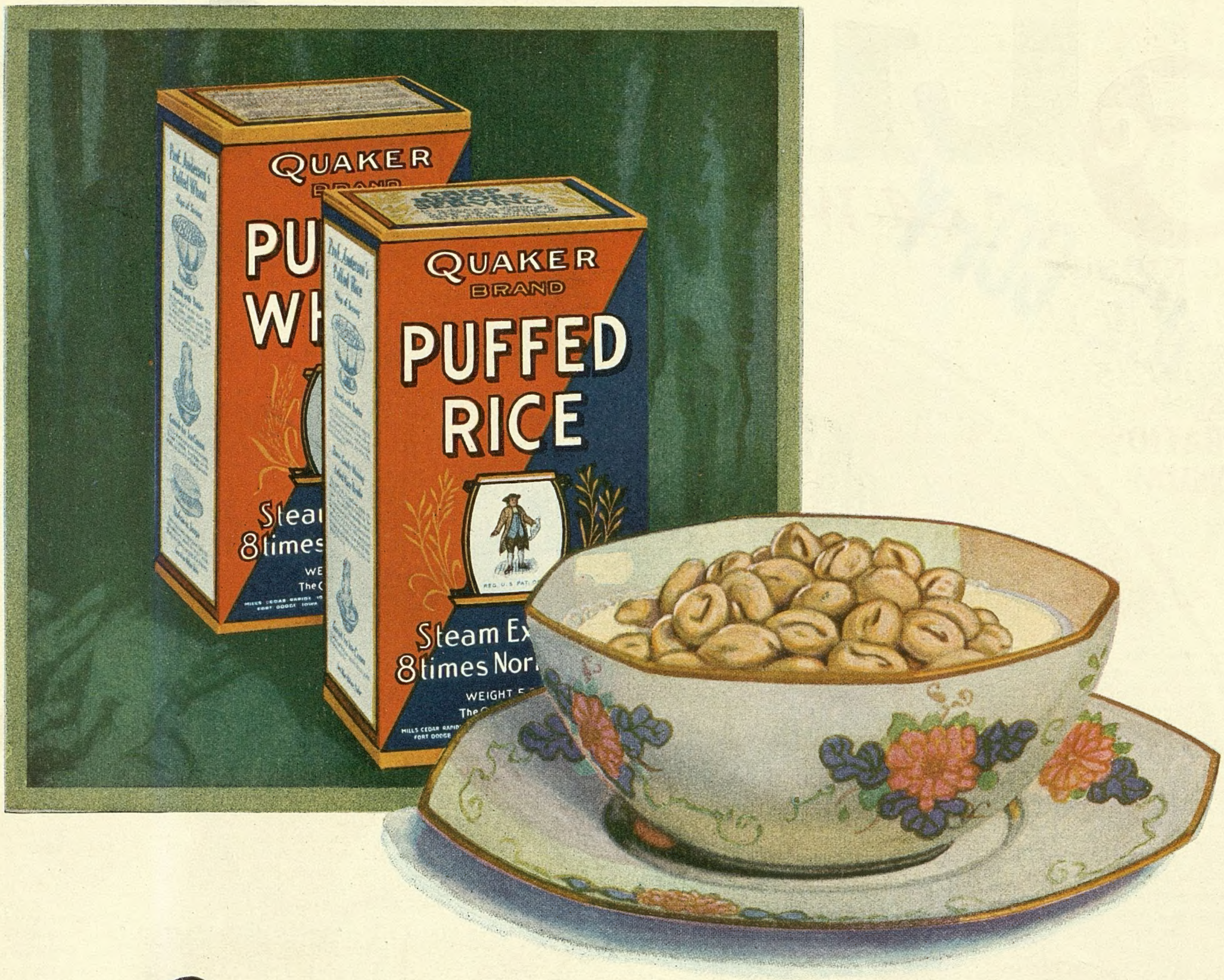
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

FIRST COPY

BEGINNING:
King of the Campus
By
HORATIO WINSLOW

IT'S NOT A STOCKING AD!



Each Grain an Adventure

CRISP and flaky grains of selected wheat, puffed to 8 times their normal size, light as the air, and with the rich flavor of nut meats. Luscious and enticing—to bring enchantment to the breakfast table.

You serve with sugar and cream. Or in bowls of milk. And as a special allurement, with fresh or cooked fruit. No breakfast before has ever compared.

To children Quaker Puffed Wheat brings the nourishment of whole grains with the richness of a rare confection; to adults an almost perfect food. Quickly digested and assimilated; kernels steam exploded, with every food cell broken.

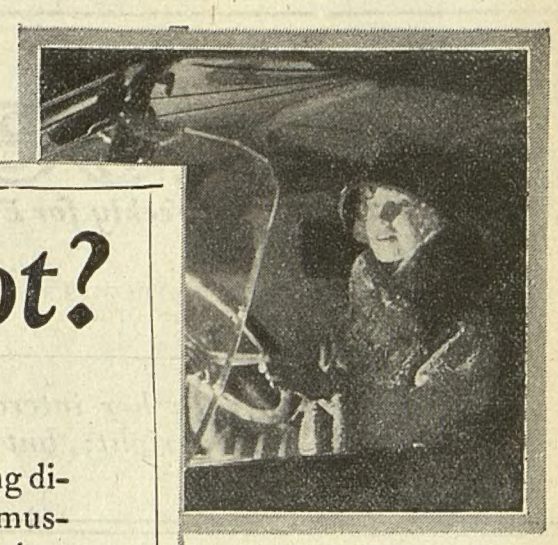
An energy food of fairy delight—yet with vitamines, bran and minerals in balanced combination.

Quaker Puffed Rice, also. Whole rice kernels, steam exploded to 8 times normal size, like the Puffed Wheat. Dainty morsels so light and inviting you would never dream they could be so nutritious.

Quaker Puffed Wheat **Quaker Puffed Rice**

The Quaker Oats Company

"I believe that I am a pioneer in the Yeast-for-Health habit. I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast a matter of thirteen years, whenever I felt the need of a regulator



was willing to attempt any- get rid of terrible pimples on my face. Doubting, I ate yeast and my complexion a healthy girl one right.

Kansas)

Perfect Health — why not?

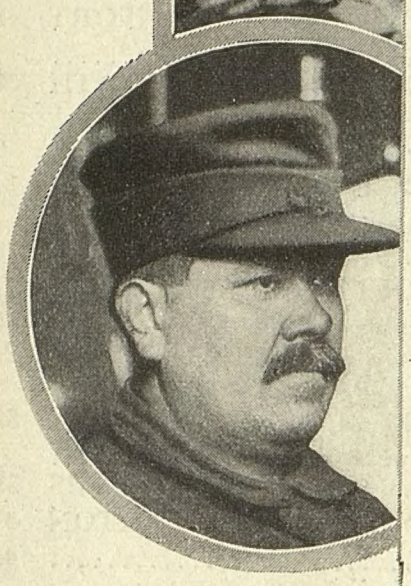
This simple food has given it to thousands

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation —or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected —this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research, Dept. G-10, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"War service left me with shattered nerves and indigestion. I became a walking wreck, unable to eat or sleep, and was obliged to abandon work. Then I recalled that I had enjoyed my best health when employed as a brewery machinist. As I thought it over I discovered the reason, and next morning I bought a dozen cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Two weeks later I was better and in four months' time the stomach trouble had vanished. Today I can eat everything, and it takes a six cylinder alarm clock to awaken me in the morning!"

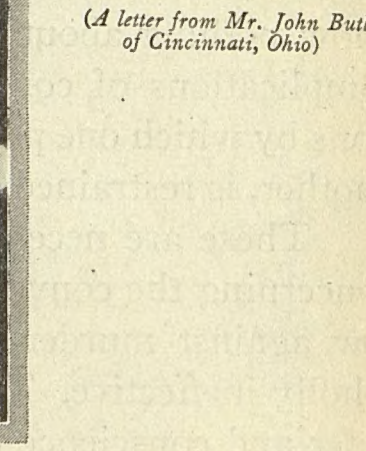
(A letter from Mr. E. F. Caldwell of Los Angeles, Cal.)

"For two years I was never free from boils. While touring with the *Irene* Company one broke out on my chin which caused my whole neck to swell and turn purple. The hotel doctor said that if I would take fresh yeast and would keep taking it he would guarantee I would never have another boil. I started right in taking Fleischmann's Yeast and in two days the boil was drying up. That doctor told the truth: I have never had a boil since."

(Mr. M. W. Robertshaw of New York City)

"After several years' strenuous work of studying I faced a new position with lowered resistance and depleted nerve force, and a splotchy, yellow complexion. Frankly, I scoffed at the idea of yeast helping, but the first benefit I noticed was—a long-standing chronic constipation relieved. Next a clear complexion that was a surprise to my friends. In two months I faced life cheerfully, buoyantly and confidently."

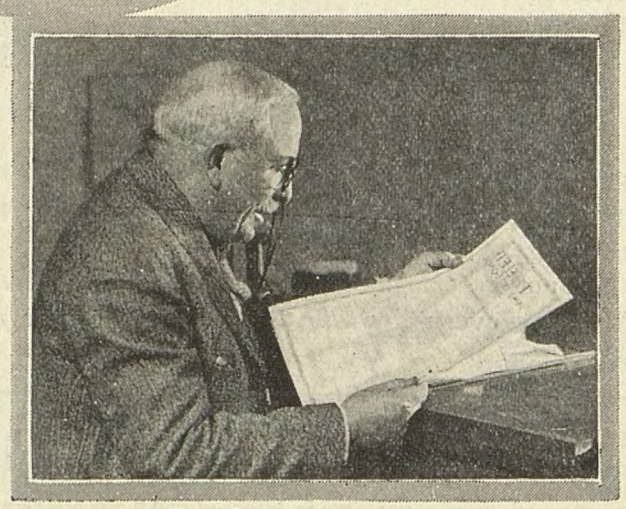
(Miss Alice D. Nelson of Wilmington, Del.)



"I am a drummer—and I ate too much. As I was endowed with a vigorous constitution, this overeating didn't 'get me' so soon as it 'gets' most men, but it 'got me' eventually.

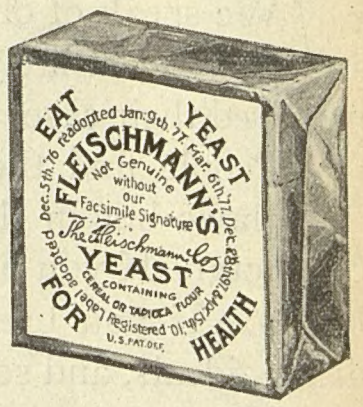
"There are many kinds of dyspepsia and I think that I had most of the kinds there are. When friends told me of the great benefit they had derived from Fleischmann's Yeast I was sceptical, but I began eating it and I blessed the day I did. For now I am a well man—can eat heartily three times a day with never a sign of stomach trouble."

(A letter from Mr. John Butler of Cincinnati, Ohio)



"At the age of 15 my forehead was a mass of blackheads and my appearance that of an unhealthy girl. One day father sent me to a little place by the sea. While lazily turning the pages of a magazine I came upon a Fleischmann's Yeast advertisement. I bought six little squares of Fleischmann's Yeast and continued the treatment for six weeks. Before very long my eyes had a different expression, my forehead was clear. And at the first party I went to after that my friends crowded round me asking me what I had done to myself. Those cakes of yeast have been a godsend to me. Today I am a happy wife and the proud mother of a five months' old boy."

(Extract from a letter from Mrs. Carano of Grant City, Staten Island, N. Y.)



"Through overwork and worry I was a nervous, dyspeptic wreck. I tried at the time for life insurance, but was advised that I was not a good risk. I purchased Fleischmann's Yeast, determined to give it a trial at least. To my surprise and amazement it agreed with me. Today I can eat and relish food that a year ago I avoided in horror, and this spring I secured the much prized policy."

(Mr. Charles E. Payne of Ogdensburg, N. Y.)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*

OCT. 4, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1 No. 22

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 2336
Chicago: 7 S. Dearborn St. Central 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CHARACTER.

The greater law is inside. People are governed by conscience and character. Conscience may be fear or the rudiment of fear and character the product of this ancient law of cause and consequence. We do not associate a New England conscience with the caveman's fear of being overtaken and knocked on the head if he ran off with another man's stone implements, bone ornaments, or wife. And yet that may be conscience and out of it comes the character which has been the law of the world. Leonidas at Thermopylae. Regulus returning to Carthage. Washington at Valley Forge. The Quakers in the Massachusetts colony. An Algonquin chanting at an Iroquois stake. Grant at Cold Harbor. Wycliffe in old England. Huss in Bohemia. The early Christians in the catacombs.

Wherever you look for the mainsprings of human actions you do not find statutes but you do find character. The world adjusts the commonplaces of its relations by laws. It lives by modes and habits, tabus, traditions and ideals, by character and conscience, and without these there would be no ordered society.

Laws are rules by which people have decided to arrange the game. In the case of most laws most people know nothing about them. They are rules governing the complications of contract, traffic laws of conduct, regulations by which one person is adjusted to the requirements of another, is restrained or protected in such relations.

These are necessary, but not the major laws. A law concerning the conveyance of property is needed, but if the law against murder were the only deterrent it would be wholly ineffective. The law against murder is in the character and conscience of the people. If there were only law and no character there would be no law.

We speak of obeying law, but not even highly trained and specialized lawyers know all the law until they have prepared their case.

People find their stability not in the multiplicity of their laws but in the development and discipline of their character. If you breed from statutes you breed invertebrates. If you breed from self-discipline, character, tradition, ideals, and sound inner morality you breed strength.

No congress or parliament can make a sound breed. It can merely express one. If statutes so supplant character as to extinguish it they defeat the purpose of law.

Law is an expression of character. One Boy Scout may be worth a dozen legislators.

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$1,000 for Your Opinion

On a Matter of Importance to Everyone!

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Cover Design by Coles Phillips

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Another New and Fascinating Contest with

Big Cash Prizes for Everyone

Watch for It on the News Stands!

Also in Our Next Issue You Will Find

YELLS THAT WIN GAMES

DANA BURNET

"HOLD 'EM, YALE!" This is only one of many historic war cries which have come thundering over the gridiron and lent the inspiration which changed impending defeat into victory. The full story of how rooters and shouting, acrobatic cheer leaders sway the tide of battle in America's great college sport is told in *Yells That Win Games,* by *Hugh Fullerton.* Don't miss this colorful sidelight upon one of the world's most thrilling sports.

There's nothing romantic about a subway, you might think. But one day a terrific jam threw a pretty girl almost into a young man's arms — and from this start grew a swift-moving romance of youth and its bright dreams, of rebellion against the crowded city, and longing for the great open spaces, with a climax that will surprise you. *An Underground Romance* is the story's name, and it's by *Dana Burnet.*

There'll be another sparkling installment of *George M. Cohan's* story of his life. You'll enjoy every line of it. They are in our next number — out next Wednesday.

October 4, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 22

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. Address Editor of Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth, Your Honor, About the High Jinks at Kaskey Wold, and How Hortense La Fluke Slapped Mrs. Reginald Fortescue with a Real Stradivarius Violin!

BROADWAY BUNK

By

WALTER DAVENPORT

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

I was sitting here wondering who was going to do for me when who should give me a ring on the phone but Reginald Fortescue.

Hortense La Fluke receives reporters in her midwest Forty-seventh Street apartment. There is that about Miss La Fluke's appearance which suggests recent association with the rough element. Her left ear, for example, seems about ready to assume the fulsomeness of the cauliflower. She speaks:

MY Ga—— Bless my heart, ladies and gentlemen of the press, won't you be seated and excuse me the appearance of my little apartment, it's so upset? Just clear those mere rags offa that settee and be seated while I do my poor little best to make myself presentable.

I let Marie, my maid, go home for a week to be with her mother, who is dying with a internal tumor, poor thing, and, believe me, I miss that kid, with me never having been trained to do a thing for myself, which would make a good article for one of you, entitled Hortense La Fluke Says All Young Society Gals Oughta Learn to Do for Themselves So That When Their Maids Take a Vacation They Won't Feel Like a Fool When Callers Call.

Not that you need to use my name, only it might go bigger being that's just the way you find me this morning with my maid, Belle, gone and me left without a soul to do for me, although Gaw—goodness knows I wouldn't want my dear old colored mammy to know that her chile (she always called me her chile down home, the cute thing) was picking up her own things and doing for herself in the great city.

Maybe, when I come to think of it, you better not say Hortense La Fluke but say A Famous Actress, Daughter of Wealthy Society Planters in Tennessee, because if any of you come from the South you may have noticed how careful the dear old colored mammies always are with their Massa's chillun. Funny, ain't it, how we never seem to lose our quaint Southern dialogue? Mine was named Aunt Chloe—Auntie Chloe, I always called her, as any of you who ever was South might reckon. But that's why you find me all upset this this morning, ladies and gentlemen of the press, so I guess you'll pardon me kindly, won't you? Bress my soul, as ole Aunty What's Her Name always said, the cute thing, I thought she'd cry her eyes out the day I left the ranch to go to school in a convent near Baltimore.

"Don't fergit yo' ole Mammy, kid," she said to me, kissing and hugging me, which may sound awful queer to you Northerners, a colored woman being allowed to kiss and hug the daughter of her Massa, but which was all right in the South, I reckon, where our customs are quaint, as you know, if you ever been South.

GEE! I felt sorry for the cute old smoke that morning. That's the reason I say you better not mention no name at all on that article about Daughter of Wealthy Society Virginia Farmer Says and so forth, I reckon. Also there was my dear lady teachers in the convent which I attended for four years near Louisville. It might break their heart. I gotta photo of the school somewheres with the full name of it written on the back.

But here I am chatting and I never asked you what your pleasure is. What's that, my dear? About last night? O, ladies and gentlemen of the press, I would give anything in the world to avoid all this publicity, and I can't bear to think what my ole daddy—the Colonel—is going to say when he sees his girl's name spread all over the first page of all the New York newspapers, which was his chief objection against my studying for the stage at finishing school in Atlanta.

But I know how it is when your editors say go out and get an article to fill the front page of the newspaper, and I want you should have it straight, so take it down as I say it, because as much as I'd like to I ain't got time to write it out myself as I'd like to.

Just say that Miss Hortense La Fluke, who gave up being the favorite of Georgia society

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

to become one of the leading beauties of Billy Bolt's Prospects of 1924 after two international seasons in New York and London successes, when interviewed in her apartments yesterday, when she was seen in a lovely Paris *robe de chambre,* said that there is no truth to the lies mentioned in the public prints by the police that she slapped the wife of Reginald Fortescue, the celebrated comedian, with a violin snatched from the hands of a member of Jack Belmont and His Jazz and Society Orchestra at the Kaskey Wold Inn, one of the exclusive road houses of Westchester, last night. Got that?

Now, the Gawd's truth of what happened was this: Yesterday, just after I left my maid, Susie, go home for a week because her mother is dead, I was sitting here in my apartments wondering who was going to do for me with my maid gone and all, and whoever should give me a ring on the phone but Reginald Fortescue, the celebrated Moon-moon comedian of note, who says: "Miss La Fluke, Mr. Leon A. Minzer, the well known son of the Wall Street banker, is giving a little exclusive supper at Kaskey Wold, and he respectfully requests that you meet him and me at the corner of Broadway and Fiftieth Street right after the show and we'll pick you up in the car.

And I said, "Mr. Fortescue, I never met this Mr. Leon A. Minzer in all my life." And then he pulls a gag about me having nothing whatsoever on Mr. Leon Minzer, who never met me either, so I laugh and say, "All right, I'll go. Who is the gentleman who is to escort me?" And Mr. Fortescue replied with another gag, saying, "His name is Reginald Fortescue, but you mustn't judge a body by their name."

WELL, we gagged backward and forward for a few minutes, and after the show, which was out at eleven-fifteen, I strolled quietly up to Fiftieth Street, thinking I needed the fresh air and not taking a taxi, as I always do, because the streets are so full of men these days, don't you know; and along about half past twelve along came Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Leon A. Minzer and two other gentlemen by name of Mr. Irving Lippman and Mr. Ben Harris and three ladies I never met before in all my life, and after proper introductions all around, as I always insist upon, because one of the most terrible things in the big city is for a good looking girl to run around with mere strangers of who you can never be sure, and after smiling at Mr. Fortescue I said that I thought I'd be moseying along home, because I really wasn't serious when I said I would go.

But they seemed refined, and after gagging a little backwards and forwards I got into the car and we had a real pleasant ride out to Kaskey Wold. Mr. Reginald Fortescue and Mr. Leon A. Minzer surprised me by taking flasks out of their pockets and pouring something out of them into glasses, and Mr. Irving Lippman and Mr. Ben Harris ordered ginger ale and soda, and I said that I'd have to be excused for not taking any liquor because I never drank anything, don't you know, but Mr. Leon A. Minzer began to kid about it in a gentlemanly way and said that it would be fun to put some in a spoon and let me take a sip that way.

Well, I laughed and said I reckoned I never drank anything and told them of my ole Dad, the Colonel, making mint juleps and of me taking a tiny sip once and being sick all next day and that really I couldn't. But one of the ladies said something about not knowing that there were such goings on in North Carolina, and while I think she was a perfect lady at heart, I didn't like the tone she said it in, and, being high spirited, as any of you who have been in the South will know is our way down there in Dixie, I said that I would let Mr. Leon Minzer touch my lips with the spoon.

So, to everybody's amusement, Mr. Reginald Fortescue held my head and Mr. Leon Minzer put the spoon to my mouth, and the teeniest, weeniest little drappie, as my dear old Mammy used to say, went into my mouth, and then Mr. Fortescue held my nose and I swallowed.

I guess it must have been bad or something. I wouldn't accuse any of the ladies and gentlemen in that party of drugging me, although there is a lot of that done these days, especially where a young and pretty woman is the victim, and that's all I can remember until I came to in a strange place which they say now was a police station, and if any of you have ever been South you will know how I felt when informed that Mrs. Reginald Fortescue was in the hospital and that she accused me of doing it.

I DON'T remember a thing after being drugged with that liquor except this woman, who I can't call a lady, came in and came over to our table and said I had my arms around Mr. Reginald Fortescue's neck, when the truth is that he was holding my nose in fun so I would swallow the drugged spoon of liquor, and before I had a chance to deny anything or withdraw from the table like all my best instincts told me to, this woman, Mrs. Fortescue, who was discharged for incompetence from the chorus of The Prince Goes Riding, slapped my face, and I must admit, ladies and gentlemen, as any of you know who have ever been south of the Mason and Dixon line, that my Southern hot blood boiled, and that's all I remember until I was standing before the police lieutenant telling him the truth exactly like I'm telling you.

No matter what they say, I didn't kick anybody. Being drugged, all I did was to throw out my hands asking some gentleman to come to my assistance, and somebody put something into my hand, which they say was a violin, and that's all I remember.

Thank you for calling, ladies and gentlemen of the press, and please tell your editors that nothing is to be published at all, absolutely nothing, because my ole Dad, the Colonel, knows the President of the United States well, and wouldn't for the world have a word printed about this under any circumstances, which after all didn't amount to anything. You have got to give and take and live and let live in this life, I say, and life is difficult at best if one does not play a little, which is especially true about we artists. If you write anything please put that in, that about life I just said.

Good-by, and please remember that not a word is to be printed, because everything they have said is a lie, true and simple, and the President wouldn't like it at all. Did I tell you that Mr. Fortescue kicked me on the ear? I don't want anything said about it in the public press, tell your editors, but Mr. Fortescue forgot himself so far as to kick me, which any of you who have been in grand ole Dixie—— Well, good-by—good-by! And don't forget, tell your editors not a word, not a word; that Miss La Fluke when seen refused to discuss the incident when reporters called.

Mr. Reginald Fortescue is discovered in his hotel room taking breakfast, which consists of a half pint of Scotch, a cigaret, and the latest edition of the Broadway Blah. He speaks:

LISSEN, ladies and gentlemen; this dame's nuts. If she says I kicked her she's still cock-eyed. I never kicked a frail in my life—see? Put that in your headlines, big. All I knew about this wren is that she called me up yesterday and says she's workin' or somethin' in the chorus of the Prospects, and won't I help her celebrate on a little party she's givin' to celebrate her landin' in a big show. She says somethin' about old time's sake, which I don't make, unless she means the once I saw her in Chi when she was in Jim Tomasso's cabaret ten years ago.

I never seen this twist from that on to last night, when me and a few friends was on our way out to a road house in Westchester. Traffic is halted at Fiftieth Street, and this silly Sarah steps offa the curb and stands in front of our machine and begins to get loud.

I see she's boiled, and one of the guys I'm with says to take her in so they won't be a scene and give her the air in Yonkers, but I turn that proposition down cold. I say not to tip our mitt or else she's ours for the evening, and if they's anything that'll pipe down a party faster than a stewed skirt with delusions it hasn't made its début on Broadway, see?

So we give her the horn, and when the cop slips us the word we step on it and think we've got away with it until we pull up at Kaskey Wold, when a taxi containin' this Bone Beulah joins us, and out she falls, saying did we think we could make a bum outa her.

Well, once inside the dump, I'm greetin' all my friends like Jules Levinson, Murray Price, Harry Galter, Bert McCorn, Babe Stuker, Lennie Bang, Billy Bungfelt, Joey Fitzsimmons, Barney Cohen, Tommy Reilly, Count Pringle, Benny Perkner, Benny Grand, Al Kennedy, Johnny Winkler, Eddy Harris, Commissioner Fillinglim, and Prince Berkowitz, to mention a few of the regulars, when this Dumb Dora does a Kellerman into a chair at my table.

Lissen, did she hand you a lot of chopped hay about her sunny Southern folks? Lissen, her old man was a gateman in the stockyards in Chi, and until she was eighteen she wasn't ever offa Goose Island, which, if you've ever been in Chi, you'll know ain't no colonial mansion district below the Mason and Dixon line Her name's Hortense Flynn.

WELL, after handin' it to all my friends in the dump, I go over to this female gas attack and, not wantin' to hurt her feelin's, say, "Lissen, kid; be nice and take the air!"

With that she slams me on the eater—wong! She lets go with both brogans and over goes the table.

Well, you know how it is; if you got a souse to handle the best thing to do for her own sake is to kid her along toward the door, which I was doing when my wife enters upper right and bears down with a torrent of heavy abuse. Naturally I have my arms around this stockyards vamp so's she won't be on the floor, and there I am, as innocent as a kid, tryin' to do the weasel a good turn, when my wife appears.

Well, my wife hangs one on this Jane's chin which flops her and starts a left hook for my whiskers, which I duck, but in doin' so trip over the prostrate body of this Alcoholic Alice who comes to long enough to grab a fiddle from Jack Belmont and his jazz band and crown the missus with it. And then the cops arrive, and you can take it or leave it, ladies and gentlemen. That's the patent-applied-for lowdown, and I'm not sayin' a word about the five carat stone this dame wins from me while I'm tryin' to be her friend and ease her into the cool night air.

Now, I want you gentlemen to get me right. I ain't no roughneck. My folks raised me fine. In fact, I'm a college graduate. Any of you gentlemen college graduates? Well, then you know how it is.

Hyman Katz and client, Miss Hortense La

"You're fired, Mr. Katz. Go and leave me to the mercy of these wolves."

Fluke, meet Roaring Ed Dugan and client, Mr. Reginald Fortescue, at the bar of Magistrate Besiegel's court. There are witnesses. Mrs. Fortescue, Mr. Ben Harris, Mr. Irving Kaskey, Mr. Jack Belmont, and others.

MISS LA FLUKE—If yo' honah please, I'd like to make a statement before yo' hear all these liars. I'm a daughter of the Sou——

MR. KATZ *(whispering)*—Can it! Can it! Let me do the talking.

MR. FORTESCUE *(to Mr. Kaskey)*—She's still numb. Lissen at her Southern twang.

THE COURT—Silence! This is a serious matter. The defendant, Miss La Fluke, is accused of disorderly conduct and assault. Is there counsel present?

MR. KATZ and MR. DUGAN—Yes, your honor, and on behalf of my client I ask that this matter be——

THE COURT—One at a time.

MR. FORTESCUE *(to Mr. Dugan)*—Let her talk. We'll cop the award quicker.

MR. HARRIS—Your Honor, I'd like to say that since last night I have been thinking that this lady didn't get a fair break and——

MR. FORTESCUE *(to Mr. Dugan)*—Lissen at that fish. He's fell for her himself.

MRS. FORTESCUE—Judge, I been on the trail of this husband of mine for a year, and this woman is the reason. She dented me with a chair. That's the kind of——

MR. BELMONT—Chair me neck. It was with my Strad which set me back two grand. Judge, I'd like to add to them charges against this lady——

THE COURT—Unless this proceeding can be carried on in an orderly manner I shall place all concerned under arrest for contempt. Is the complainant present?

MESSRS. KASKEY, FORTESCUE, BELMONT, KATZ, DUGAN, MRS. FORTESCUE, and MISS LA FLUKE—Yes, sir. I wanta say——

(A court clerk whispers to His Honor.)

THE COURT *(to Messrs. Katz and Dugan)*—This court adjourns for fifteen minutes, in which time, gentlemen, you will be ready to present this case in an orderly manner or I shall take action.

MR. FORTESCUE *(to Mr. Dugan)*—Why didn'tcha speak up when you had a chance?

MISS LA FLUKE—Daown home——

MRS. FORTESCUE—O, shut up! *(To her husband)* I'm going to blow. But remember this: if ever I get the goods on you right, fathead, the alimony you're going to feed me is going to look like the war debt. *(She leaves.)*

MR. KASKEY—They ain't no percentage in this for me. I got business to attend to. All I gotta say is that the oftener you dumbbells stay away from my road house the louder I'm applaudin'. Hope all yer teet' drop out—alla you. *(Mr. Kaskey departs.)*

MR. KATZ *(to Mr. Dugan)*—Say, counsellor, can't we fix this up? It looks like a blind alley to me.

MR. BELMONT—Nothin's gointa be dropped until somebody comes through with two grand for my Strad. No hooched up dame is going to use no fiddle of mine for a bar fly swatter without talkin' jack to me. Thass all I gotta say.

MR. FORTESCUE—Lissen, guy; you don't figure to make cracks like that about ladies in my presence. I admit this Miss La Fluke ain't no educator cracker, but just the same she's gotta right to——

MR. HARRIS—Thass what I say. No use makin' a bum outa a lady just because——

MR. FORTESCUE *(to Mr. Harris)*—Pipe down. Pipe down. That ain't gointa get you nowheres with Miss La Fluke; is it, Miss La Fluke?

MISS LA FLUKE *(in a loud voice)*—In Dixie land, where I was born in——

MR. KATZ—O, hell!

MISS LA FLUKE—You're fired, Mr. Katz. Any lawyer pleading for me must be a gentleman. Go and leave me to the mercy of these wolves. If only my ole Dad, the Colonel, knew that his little girl was in trouble I don't believe any lives would survive, inasmuch as I reckon his Southern blood would boil and——

MR. DUGAN *(desperately)*—Say, Mr. Fortescue, can't I tell the judge that we've called all this off? I tell you, this outfit here ain't getting any better, and the judge is liable to give us all the bull pen if he hears any more of this.

MR. FORTESCUE—Who started this anyway? *(To Miss La Fluke)* Le's talk it over at lunch or something.

MISS LA FLUKE—This publicity spread all over the first page of the papers is going to break my ole black mammy's heart, because I remember what she said to me when I was leaving the farm. She said——

(Mr. Fortescue takes Miss La Fluke's arm and eases her toward the door. Mr. Dugan and Mr. Harris follow, leaving Mr. Belmont at the bar.)

MR. BELMONT—Who's gointa come across with the two grand for my Strad?

MR. FORTESCUE *(from the door)*—See me about it some time next year. Maybe I can have the answer worked out by then.

THE END

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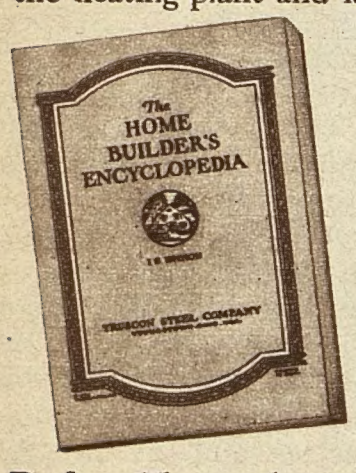

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The TURNING POINT *of* MY CAREER

Was Election to the New York Assembly, Says Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York

GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH

WHILE the title of this brief article does not impress one as being the most difficult to justify, I assure you that it is. Writing a message to a Legislature is less difficult, because there one has certain policies to outline and past proceedings to review.

I was born virtually beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, which renowned structure and I really grew up together. If I had the leisure in which to review those years day by day I might come upon one incident which pointed me into the right channel. I had ample opportunity to get on the wrong track.

There may have been something in my first job—that of delivering fish from the Fulton Fish Market—which I should credit with the right to the title of this article. However, braving the danger of error, I shall say that my election to the Assembly marked the crossroads for me.

As a school for political education there is nothing like the Legislature. In 1895 I got my first political post—a clerkship in the office of the commissioner of jurors. I held that until 1903, when, at the age of thirty, I was elected to the Legislature. Tom Foley was my political patron. He had revolted from the leadership of "Paddy" Divver, and because he saw possibilities in me nominated me for the Assembly.

Due to Foley's great ability, I won, and there I remained for twelve years. I select my election to the Assembly as the turning point because it seems to me that there is no worthy proof that I should ever have risen above my clerkship had not Mr. Foley accomplished my election to this great opportunity.

Perhaps I have neglected some little incident. It may be that I should give credit to my mother or my wife. One encounters tremendous difficulties in saying that this or that was the turning point. Nevertheless, I have chosen, and so be it.

THE END

KING of the CAMPUS

In the days of the flying wedge a 160-pound half back was a rarity.

The Story of a Man Who Was Beaten by Success

First Installment of a Brilliant New Serial

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Pictures by B. H. CLARK

CHAPTER I

Said Lord Elgin: "*College is a twelve course banquet with trimmings thrown in, but life tends to become one long diet of oatmeal porridge. Think that over, young Mr. Crichton . . .*"

TONIGHT, just before supper, I finished the usual Friday afternoon's entertainment with Joe Morris, our genial Sixth Ward confectioner (Pete lets me bowl Tuesdays and Fridays; I give Pete Mondays and Thursdays).

"If we were only a lot better," Joe said as he paid the shot, "we'd be purty good, huh?"

Thus he chastens my pride when I win and always I answer humbly, "That's right, Joe."

Just the same, if I cared to train only a little I could roll circles around Joe. And that goes for anybody else in the Sixth Ward and maybe for anybody else in town. It's not conceit, either. Long ago I had every ounce of sinful pride pounded out of me, and I state coldbloodedly I could make Buck Haskins into a Class A bowler—if I felt like it.

We had creamed codfish for supper, as on most Friday nights. Afterward my wife and the two older children went to the New Palace. I don't like the movies; they upset me emotionally—start me thinking about a lot of things I'd rather forget. I wriggle out by saying that my eyes won't stand the flicker.

PERSONS IN THE STORY:

BUCK HASKINS, star pitcher, wearer of the Phi Beta Kappa key, artist, musician, coming to grips with the world outside university walls.

VERA THORPE, tall, dark, imperious, residing in Chicago and aspiring to Paris.

POPLAY, versifier of college, successful lyricist thereafter.

BOB THORPE, Vera's brother; MR. and MRS. THORPE, Bob's and Vera's parents; PARKER, business manager of the college biweekly; DICK TORMEY, lyric tinker of Tinpan Alley; college students, suitors for the favor of Vera, etc.

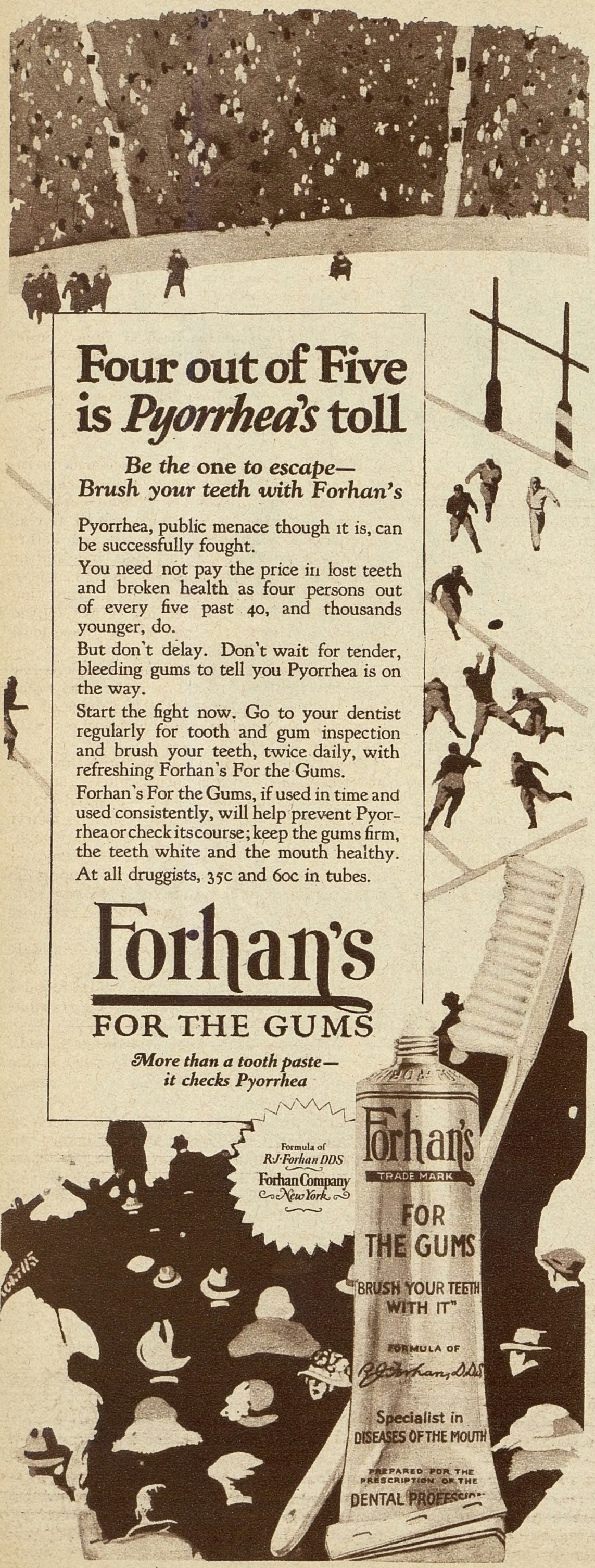
It is the end of May. Two weeks from tomorrow my university (it was a college when I got my sheepskin) will play the last baseball game of the season. At night the senior play. Later, at twelve sharp, the graduating class will plant its tree and begin commencement week by turning over the grove to the juniors. Will there be a tent with "refreshments"? Probably not—or anyhow, not the same kind of refreshments. Nothing from Looey's place, which long since, no doubt, was washed under by the tidal wave of ice cream soda. Poor Looey. . . . No, I imagine Looey has gone where the prohibitionists cease from troubling. He was midcentury back in the nineties, and the nineties join imperceptibly with the age of unpolished stone and mastodons.

Year after next my class will hold its thirteenth reunion with paper caps, horns, sailor suits and everything. I shan't "reune." If I were little Henry Schneefelder, I would be there with bells. Nobody expected anything of Henry and he has just come through with a $500,000 physics building. Three cheers and a tiger! But I'm not in Henry's class.

If *I* should appear all the gossip mills would grind in chorus:

"Old Buck Haskins . . . . well, well, well! . . . . To think of Buck bossing a hardware store in a rube town! . . . . I haven't heard of old Buck for a long while, but I thought he was running a revolution in Turkey or something like that . . . . Gid Adams told me that he was a painter in Paris . . . . lived in a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

studio and wrote plays. . . . Gid met him just after he'd sold one of his pictures for ten thousand dollars. . . . And I heard he fought a duel. . . . Listen, wasn't he going to marry Bob Thorpe's little sister? What happened? Or did he marry her?"

DARNED if it's a rube town! We'll have thirty thousand next year and maybe more. And we don't sell hardware; on the contrary. And I don't boss it. I'm just Ole Peterson's partner. No, I've never handled a Turkish revolution, though I admit mixing up a bit in the Balkans. Yes, I've sold plenty of pictures, but I never claimed to have painted any of them. I've lived in a Paris studio and I've written the music and some of the words for a musical comedy which was actually produced. The duel — that's exact, though I'm not proud of it. As for Bob Thorpe's little sister——

I got my first glimpse of Vera Thorpe at noon on the last June Saturday of our senior year.

Bob's family had come down from Chicago to see him graduate and he had invited three of us to lunch with them at the McAllister House. But I was preoccupied. In the first place, a game was waiting to be pitched; in the second, a telegram had announced that my uncle and guardian had been taken seriously ill. So during the meal Vera's young beauty made as much impression on me as birdshot on the hide of an elderly moose. She was just a kid of fifteen. I looked at her and through her and felt sad.

While the sun westered, we played the big game of the season and of my college life against our most hated rivals. All the baseball in me came to the ends of my fingers. Mostly I fanned 'em, and fouls weren't strikes in those days. When I did let 'em hit it was only a neat grounder to short or a modest popup toward center. We won. There were revels in Rome.

At five-thirty I did my last bit of scholastic work. As a freshman I had dropped trigonometry, grace to a leg broken at football. I thought the faculty had forgotten. They hadn't. With three weeks of intensive study I had prepared myself so thoroughly that the good professor who marked my paper ninety-seven wanted to know why I hadn't gone farther into mathematics.

On the way to the theater Parker, business manager of the college bi-weekly, persuaded me to allow my distinguished fingers to correct a fault in Dorman's careless cover design. (Dorman is an illustrator now with an income running well into five figures.)

As for the senior play in which the writer of these lines carried the lead, without boasting he can say that it went well!

And so to the Big Doings on th campus.

Because he was part of the thre planting committees, Bob Thorp had gone ahead, leaving me the jo of escort for his father and mothe and Vera. Knowing their place Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe walked o ahead while Vera and I played rea guard.

For the first time I looked at he and really saw her. A charmin child—Vera. Grown up for he age, but still a youngster. In he eyes there was a sort of romanti longing—the princess in the towe kind of thing. I remember say ing to myself:

"She's going to be a stunner.' And afterward, "But she's going to want a lot of different things that she'll never get."

"I've heard so much about you,' she began. The conventional open ing. I countered with, "Fact o fiction?"

"O, really — really. Bob says you're the biggest man in college —the King of the Campus!"

I DENIED this with as much con viction as I could muster, which to tell the truth, wasn't much.

"But you are. You played half back for four years——"

(Incidentally, I'm still proud o that record. In the days of the flying wedge a 160 pound half back was a rarity.)

"And Bob says it's never been done before, but they're holding a Phi Beta Kappa election open for you—just waiting till you pass some examination."

(Right again: the key's on my watch chain today.)

"And you've written things for the 'Lit,' and you sketch; and you got the Reynolds chemistry medal and Latin honors; and Bob says you're a great boxer and wrestler; and you led the junior cotillon, and when they inaugurated the new gymnasium you were the speaker——"

"Only one of 'em," I rejoined inadequately.

"Well, I think you're just wonderful and I'm sure your life is going to be wonderful, and I wish that sometimes when you're out in the world doing wonderful things that—that——"

"That what?" I demanded.

"That you'll think a little of me," she said shyly.

It was charming — utterly charming. If at the moment I hadn't been heavily engaged to another girl I might have said some remarkably foolish things to little Vera in her first grown-up dress.

Well, the tree was duly planted and, with the banjo and mandolin savants at the door of the refreshment tent, the senior song began. I'd written the music and Poplay the verses: rhyming with me comes hard.

A little compliment is relished even by the greatest of the great. I remember how pleased I felt

when little Tommy Lynn began the lines about me:

Here's Buck Haskins—whoop 'er up in style.
Athlete—actor—very versatyle;
Anybody, anywhere, got any job to do?
Here's Buck Haskins and he'll fix it up for you.

And then, everybody roaring the chorus, which had a good swing to it even if the composer do say so, as oughn't to:

Drink 'er down—drink 'er down—
Every senior drink 'er down:
There's a good man less at Looey's—
There's an empty cap and gown.

(Repeat with gestures.)

"O," said Vera, when I had disengaged myself from a half dozen fuddled sophomores who wanted to carry me on their shoulders (for in those days our money was bet on baseball). "I just know you're going to do something splendid in the world."

"Ah," I thought, "there is a young person at once farseeing and intelligent. It's uncanny the way she divines things!"

I respected her judgment, but I wasn't in love with her. Not then . . . .

CHAPTER II.

Said Lord Elgin: *"If Crichton only admitted he was a Crichton and stopped trying to be a combination of Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Smiles, what a lot of trouble he would save himself—and others . . . ."*

SOME centuries ago there flourished a Scotch youngster, a collegian also, who did well everything to which he turned his hand. He knew Greek and Latin and mathematics and the lute. With an equal grace he sat a stubborn horse or refuted a mulish philosopher. He handled a sword (they say) as well as Bussy d'Amboise; he made verses like Horace; he expounded grammar and rhetoric better than Aristotle. Then, one day, ruffling with some lubberly antagonist, he dropped his guard and was run through the body.

So perished the Admirable Crichton, master of all the arts and sciences. At the time of his death he was just seventeen years old.

"Dear me, what a pity!" says the lady in the fourth row.

Madam, I'm not altogether sure. I'm not so certain that all is for the worst when the Admirable Crichton ends his youth and his life at the same time and leaves this poor planet trailing clouds of glory.

Because is he so admirable after all? Isn't he rather a remarkable dilettante, master of all trades—until he tries them out in the professional market? The Clever Amateur forever.

But if he had specialized?

Ah, Madam, but *can* the Admirable Crichton specialize? Firmly I believe that if, on that fatal day, the young man's foot hadn't slipped it would never have carried him to his present immortality. No, he would have finished his course *not* the counselor of kings and companion of princes, but a disgruntled country gentleman with a passion for criticizing the grammar of the royal edicts; or perhaps a second rate fencing master—a pothouse fixture reciting Latin verses for mugs of ale.

Don't say Admirable Crichton to me! I know the breed.

I WISH I were an artist, to draw a picture of Vera as she seemed to me when I saw her for the second time. Six years had yawned between the commencement party and this after meeting. Vera was no longer a little girl, but a woman, tall, dark, and beautiful; beautiful according to the most classic ideals.

I wish I could put into lines or into words that innocently imperious air of hers: "The empress is pleased to be served: be good enough to bring me the best of everything and in a great hurry."

And still more I wish I could express somehow—any how—the charm Vera had for me.

But perhaps this last is not necessary. In general the world understands the lover's emotion, if not the reason for his choice. Those experienced know that the heart throbs because it throbs—and there's an end on't. My heart throbbed—and throbs—for Vera.

Yet Vera's charm wasn't subjective, by a good deal. Like most Crichtons, I know beauty when I see it, and Vera was genuinely beautiful. When you saw her you wanted to shout or sing just out of sheer joy. For a long while I hadn't done any composing, yet at re-sight of Vera a musical phrase—a Vera motif, so to speak—turned in my head and wouldn't let me rest till I had rounded it into a *canzone*.

Afterward, as often as I thought of Vera, this wordless melody would sing itself to my inner ear. It seemed to me that my arrangement of half notes and quarter notes and rests was so expressive that it represented Vera herself—Vera with all her beauty and charm transposed into music.

One day in New York Tormey heard me humming it.

"There's a corking chorus," he said. "Yank the funeral march out of it, rag it up a bit, and I'll write you some sweetly sentimental words that'll fit it like the blacking on the stove."

So presently my hymn to Vera adored became:

I flirted once with Helen,
I lingered late with Lou,
I stole a kiss from Ellen
And gave it back to Sue.
I thought myself a veteran
From every point of view,
But my heart never went clop-clop, clop-clop,
'Till the day that I met you.

That's as clear as my music ever made Vera to Tormey. So what's the use trying it with words which are even less my *métier*.

AT the end of six hodge-podge New York years—in which I had sold bonds and real estate; worked like a galley slave in a mail order business; freed Cuba (from a tent in Jacksonville, Florida); taught Latin in a gold plated preparatory school; worked as an industrial chemist; studied law nights; conducted a boys' club at a New York settlement; managed, among many other things, a philanthropic employment agency and a strictly business private sanitarium—I had at last come to uplifting the drama. And I descended on Indianapolis in all the glamour with which footlights can invest a Number Three company.

HORATIO WINSLOW

Horatio Winslow

is the author of Liberty's new and fascinating serial, King of the Campus.

Mr. Winslow is a believer in the adventurous life. Graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1904, with the degree of A. B. and M. A., he made his bow as a writer with short stories, feature articles, and humorous skits. In 1917, as a captain of infantry, he was sent to Archangel, Russia, with his regiment, where he gave such a fine account of himself that the French government awarded him the *croix de guerre* for gallantry in action.

Recently he has lived in France, Spain, and Morocco. He is now in Morocco, writing articles and fiction.

Everybody loves his stories for their humor and rare imaginative quality.

Vera, finishing a visit to a school friend, penetrated my program disguise and before catching her Chicago train found time to drop me a note, just as the play was on its last legs. Two weeks later, moved by the destiny that shapes our ends, I stopped my return trip at Chicago and made for the Thorpes' good looking red brick in Hyde Park.

It was my first visit. College vacations had never brought me to Bob's home, and when Bob, via the consular service, had dropped out of my life, the Thorpe family had dropped with him, even to Vera.

So for the first time I crossed the threshold and was ushered into a sort of music room off the hall. At one side a well weathered Dutch painting hung over the grand piano. A hearty picture it was, of a man clasping a woman about the waist to the tune of her laughter and his own. But while I was still approving it the portières pulled aside for Vera, and during the rest of the evening I looked no more on the Dutch lovers.

"Here is the most upsettingly, astoundingly good looking woman I have ever seen," I gasped to my subconscious self, while aloud I stammered a sedate conventional compliment.

"So the mysterious disappearance is solved," she began. "But why aren't you playing under your own name?"

I HATE lies and liars. But I had been so stunned by the regal woman before me that I was ashamed to admit the facts. There was nothing to be proud about; a third rate trouper promoted by a railroad wreck to temporary stardom, and already disgusted with the stage and quitting it.

"So you are the little Vera that was," I murmured interiorly. And aloud, "The fact is I'm not acting seriously. This stage work is only a sort of technical preparation. I'm writing plays."

"Writing plays!"

Vera's intonation left no doubt. At a single bound I had become for Vera an actor-dramatist, a combination of Sir Henry Irving and Shakespeare.

Simultaneously I rejoiced and wanted to kick myself.

"Yes, playwriting has been my target right along." (Another whopper, but it came more easily.)

"And during all these years you've been gath-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Never had I met or dreamed of a woman like Vera.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE ELEVEN

ering notes and material?

"Yes, more or less. have a half dozen plots i view now."

Here at last was the aur ate truth. But I didn't ad that, like all Crichtons, had also well formulate ideas for making syntheti rubber, discovering th North Pole, revising th jury system, and timin boxing matches.

"Isn't that splendid! Her eyes glowed. "Wha a wonderful opportunity."

BY this time, with tha appalling genius which Crichton has for adaptin himself, I had begun to be lieve what I was saying an to talk with conviction.

"The future," I explaine learnedly, "belongs to th dramatist. Have you rea any of the Shaw plays? An those prefaces?"

That evening when I lef the Thorpes I knew that a last and after a multitud of false starts I had foun my vocation—I was a play wright. But even mor poignant was the fact tha I had tumbled head ove heels in love with Vera. was not a beginner in senti mental matters; I had bee engaged twice and I ha had a man's usual experi ences. But Vera . . . neve had I met or dreamed of woman like Vera. After see ing Vera it took me some thing less than sixty second to revise all my carefull laid plans for the future.

"Haskins," I told myself "you're set. Here's where you begin life in earnest— by doing what you hav always wanted to do. Pop lay's reading copy on on of the Chicago morning pa pers. Look him up and se if he can't get you a report ing job. That way you'l fall into the swing of writ ing and you'll have minutes enough to work the life you see into the Great Ameri can Drama. And you'l have time to visit Vera Chicago for yours, and le that New York insurance proposition take care o itself."

And even as I had planned it so it happened.

The summer which fol lowed wasn't an earthly sea son at all; it was three months of Paradise unal loyed. Though at least tw native sons of proudest Ken wood wanted to lay their names and their fathers' checkbooks at Vera's feet, she gave the best of her at tention and company to me.

Every morning I used to call, and, as Bob's hum, was privileged to escort her unchaperoned wherever her fancy listed. We took car excursions into the ghetto and like picturesque places; we lunched and occasionally dined at Madame Galli's and other foreign restaurants where there was an atmosphere. Vera demanded atmosphere.

And inevitably on one of my nights off (after her nicely trained parents had left us) I told Vera in the presence of the Dutch lovers what I'd wanted to tell her from the first. . . .

"It will be so lovely," Vera said when we had stopped demonstrating our mutual wonder and delight. "We'll live in New York and you'll write plays and we'll have suppers and teas for Interesting People—the nice ones, you know; real celebrities—artists, and novelists, and actors."

I agreed enthusiastically in spite of the fact that past encounters had somewhat disillusioned me as to Interesting People.

"Once a year," she went on, "we'll visit in Chicago. There are some awfully Interesting People here in Chicago. Mother isn't in that crowd at all. But after we're married it will be so easy."

I promised that not an Interesting Person in Chicago should escape us.

"And then London, and Paris, and Berlin, because, of course, your plays will be translated. O, I should just love to go to Paris and the salons and meet all the Interesting People there. Perhaps in New York we might have a salon. I just love Interesting People," said Vera.

"I am head over heels in love with Vera," I decided when I thought it over, "but Vera is more interested in what she *thinks* I am. Well, I'll have to live up to her ideal. . . . The sort of life she wants means money, and she doesn't know anything about money except that it comes out of a bank. . . . Damn all these fat stock broking papas who earn fifteen thousand a year and spend fifteen thousand five hundred and never talk common sense to their dear, protected daughters. Still, when the great American drama is produced we'll have an income of say twenty thousand the first year and maybe five thousand the second. After that cigaret money from stock. Now, suppose I write only two shows every twelve months and suppose only one of them is a hit."

It is in this agreeable fashion that the Admirable Crichton serves himself of statistics and balances the account books of his future. He takes no note of the fact that, as in the case of Mr. Micawber, the most admirable thing about him is his optimism. He forgets that his path is strewn with dead jobs and extinct enterprises. It seems to him of no importance that he undertook each fresh "life-work" with an almost religious conviction and fervor only to drop it later in tedium and disgust. He is a Crichton.

ONE night, late, I confided to Poplay my playwriting venture.

He pulled off his spectacles.

"Stop right there, Buck," he broke in. "Stop right there and raise your right hand and promise your old grandad to lay off the solemncholies. Drama was great stuff in Shakespeare's time: what the dear public wants now is to laugh. Musical comedy; easiest to write—easiest to sell."

"I've heard not."

Poplay beamed triumphantly from his myopic eyes.

"Then listen to your old grandad again: I've just sold one."

He accepted my congratulations.

"Fact. I wrote the book and lyrics. Advance royalties and all that. Fellow named Perry did the music and Kallum Brothers are producing it. Evelyn Dale is the star."

He paused.

"You take my tip, Buck, and do the same thing. Do it all yourself—music, too. You can write better stuff than Perry and any little German band leader will take care of the orchestration if that's beyond you. Listen to wisdom speaking—a musical comedy!"

IT'S odd how the right idea sets your thoughts marching. I had labored over the Great American Drama with enthusiasm, but the mere notion of a musical comedy sent new power into the machine. Without even knocking, a plot opened the door, came in, sat down, and made itself at home. A good plot; a plot of a thousand plots; it knocked the G. A. D. all hollow. Melodies began singing themselves in my head. Scraps of dialogue and bits of ridiculous stage business floated in from the infinite. By nine the next morning the Great American Drama had dropped out of my focus forever.

The lyrics—there would be trouble with the lyrics—but Dick Tormey would help me out with those and with the book, too. Another advantage about Tormey: he was in New York and three months of Chicago had proved abundantly that work and wooing didn't pull well together.

Moreover, I wasn't tied to my job; I could go to New York. From my father's estate I'd inherited some five thousand dollars above college expenses and, though I'd been hit by an unlucky business venture, more than fifteen hundred still clung to my checking account. I was a free man.

One week after that talk with Poplay I was climbing the dark stairs of a Harlem walk-up. An aura of gentle, complacent happiness enveloped me. The musical comedy was racing like a house afire and Vera, wearing my ring for the first time, had cried big tears of good-by. . . .

Read the second installment of this absorbing serial story in next week's issue, in which Buck, trying to realize his ambition as a playwright, ventures to New York in search of fame and fortune.

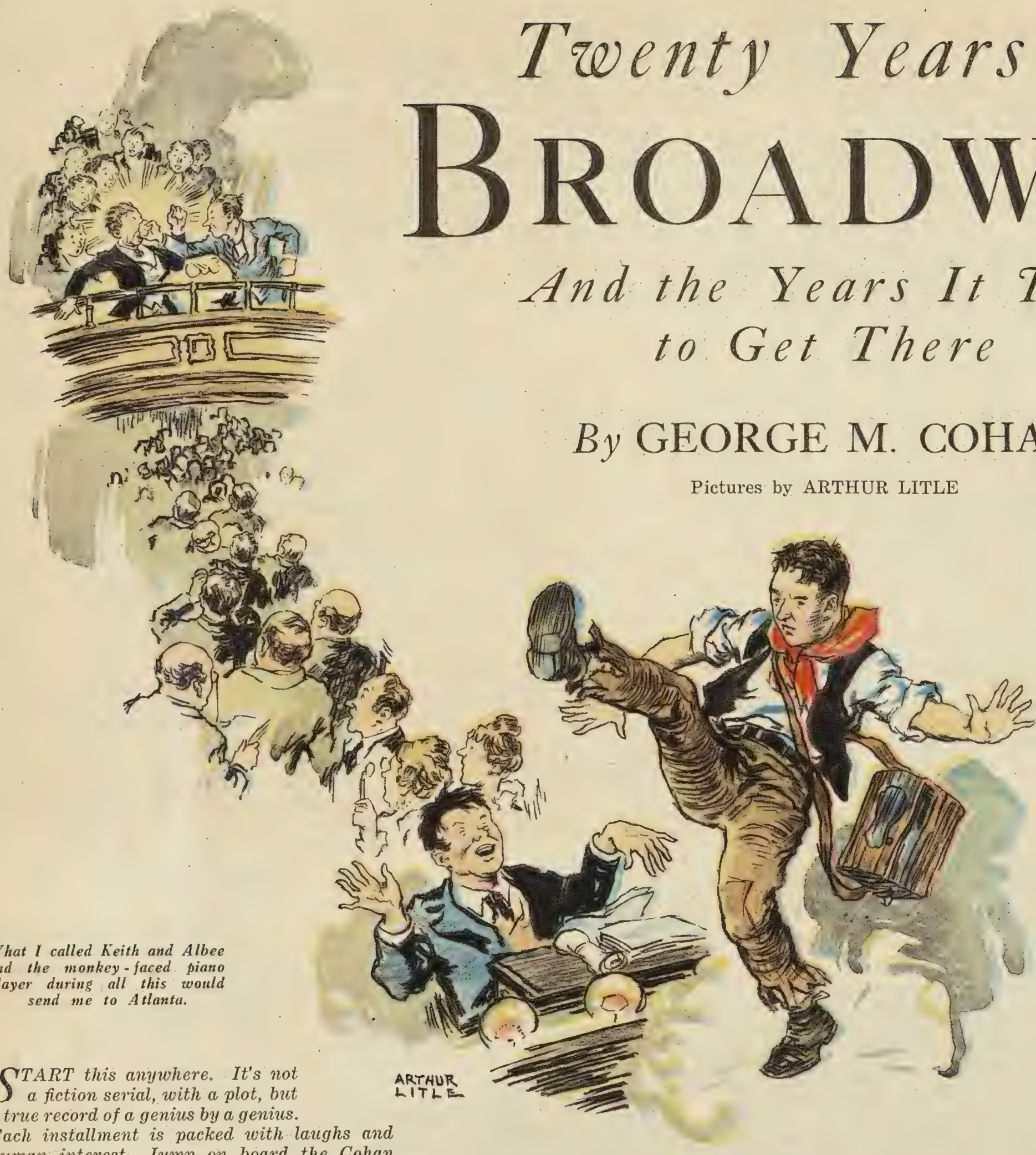
We lunched and occasionally dined at Madame Galli's and other foreign restaurants where there was atmosphere. Vera demanded atmosphere.

Twenty Years on BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN

Pictures by ARTHUR LITLE



What I called Keith and Albee and the monkey-faced piano player during all this would send me to Atlanta.

START this anywhere. It's not a fiction serial, with a plot, but a true record of a genius by a genius. Each installment is packed with laughs and human interest. Jump on board the Cohan Express right here!

In the previous installment Mr. Cohan told how his thrill at his approaching New York début was turned to rage by his being assigned the worst "spot" on the bill, the opening act of the show. After telling the stage manager and the pianist just what he thought of them he gritted his teeth and determined to do so well that he would put the other actors to shame. In this installment he resumes his absorbing memoirs.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENEMIES AT WORK.

IT won't be necessary to go into details of what happened during the balance of the Union Square engagement. The attitude of the people about the theater was very much "up stage" so far as I was concerned. As soon as I noticed this fact I was smart enough to stay in the background and sort of hide away.

The stage hands kept at me, however, and referred to me as "Young Henry Irving" and whispered wise cracks in my ear every chance they got. Most of the performers on the bill passed me up without a word; one or two of them "kidded" me in a mild way, while a few others, taking pity on a spoiled boy, jollied me along with a friendly smile now and then.

I tamed down considerably after Monday matinée, so much so, in fact, that by the middle of the week I was in the shrinking violet class.

Through the entire eighteen consecutive performances (three a day), 12:05, 5:20, and 7:25 P. M., I continued to "die standing up," as they used to say when an act failed to score a hit. The hours of my appearances were such that I never saw over a baker's dozen sitting out front until my final performance Saturday evening. I peeked through the first entrance draperies before I went on and saw that the house was packed.

"Here's where I get a real chance at these babies," I said to myself, as I dashed on.

It was what was known as an overfriendly Saturday night "set up" audience. They started laughing at the box office when they bought their tickets.

My Irish reel go a round of applause The waltz clog wen well enough to take an encore.

"Ah, ha! I'm ever at last," the though flashed through my mind. "Keith and Albee tried to ruin me, but the little old Rhode Island kid wil finish the week in a blaze of glory."

All the old self assurance that had deserted me during the week came back with a rush. I had the New York public in the palm of my hand. I told a couple of jokes which added for this occasion and got two great big laughs. The act was going along like a house on fire I went into my recitation, The Bootblack's Dream, absolutely convinced that I'd "murder 'em" with that, but just as I got to the most dramatic part (where the kid falls asleep on the doorstep and starts dreaming that he's the rich man's son) a couple of fellows in the gallery got into an argument, started a fight and the entire audience stood up and gave its undivided attention to the "battle royal" which it developed into when the house police man tried to stop the bout.

MY heart sank into my dancing shoes, but I kept right on reciting just the same.

An American crowd would rather look at a prize fight any time than the best show on earth. They proved the fact right then. At least, I thought they did.

The noise was deafening, but I kept right on reciting. No one out front was paying the slightest attention to me at all, with the exception of the piano player, who had it in for me anyway, so he sat there laughing his head off as I hollered myself hoarse trying to make them hear what I was reciting.

Fame Passes by Georgie Cohan, the Young Song and Dance Man, and Beckons to His Sister, But a Glimmer of Hope Comes at Last Into the Black Days of Desperation on Tin Pan Alley

MR. AND MRS. JERRY COHAN IN 1900.

"Go on, soak him in the eye, Mickey."

"Uppercut him in the mush, Red."

"Cheese it; here comes the cop."

"Let 'em alone! Let 'em fight it out."

The house was in an uproar. I saw there was no use, so I cut short the recitation.

"Go into the dance," I shouted to the piano player. His back was turned to me now; he was looking at the fight himself.

"Go into the dance," I yelled again. This time he heard me, so swung himself around on the stool to the keyboard, and went into the buck and wing music, while I threw the jig sand from one end of the stage to the other and started my routine.

Two or three other gallery fights had begun by this time, much to the delight of the laughing and applauding crowd that stood in a body, backs turned to the stage, shouting their comedy instructions to the fighters above.

I kept right on dancing. No one was looking at me, but I kept on dancing just the same. I added steps, repeated steps, invented steps, and "hoofed" myself blue in the face trying to get their attention, but all in vain. What I called Keith and Albee and the stage hands and the monkey-faced piano player during all this would send me to Atlanta if I put it on paper.

By the time the theater "cop," assisted by two other officers of the law called from the outside, had dragged the offenders from their seats and out through the gallery door, I was weak in the knees from the endurance dance I had been doing.

THE thing that hurt me more than anything else, I remember, was the thought that the piano player with the silly grin on his face was having the time of his life "getting hunk" with me. I finished with the regulation "break" in the center of the stage, bowed, and started to walk off, while the audience, still laughingly discussing the gallery fight and ruffling programs, began to resume their seats without knowing who was bowing, why I was bowing, or what it was all about. It was the toughest ordeal I'd ever been through. I was puffing like a steam engine.

"I've played many a dump in my time, but this is the 'champ' of them all." I made this declaration loud enough for everybody back stage to hear as I stalked through the first entrance headed for the dressing room.

"Say, listen, kid. That was a rotten trick they played on you out there tonight. It was all spitework, and I can prove it if you want me to." The property man said this as he caught up with me and walked along to the rear of the stage.

"What do you mean, spitework?" I inquired.

"Why, that scrap in the gallery was started simply to put your act on the bum," he pointed out. "I've got the dope. I heard the whole thing 'cooked up'. I know the two guys that started the thing, and I also know that they were planted there purposely to kill your act."

"Who were they?"

"Keith and Albee," he whispered. "They went up there disguised as a couple of Spaniards and pulled the whole thing off just to get even with you for taking money for that act you did here this week."

He said all this very hurriedly, without cracking a smile, and then walked away whistling to himself, as happy as a lark. As cruel a thing as it was to say, I remember that I couldn't help admiring the fellow for his sense of comedy as I watched him walk across the stage. I continued on my way to the dressing room and when I got there Dad handed me a telegram he had just received, which read as follows:

> Can book Josephine Cohan for single dancing speciality at Koster and Bial's opening Monday night. Salary same as Four Cohans are receiving jointly from Keith.

The message was signed by James J. Armstrong, who was one of the big variety agents of New York City. I read it over and burned under the collar.

"What do you think of it?" asked Dad, knowing fairly well that it didn't come under the head of good news to me.

"I think it's an insult, that's what I think of it, and Armstrong ought to be ashamed of himself for ever having sent such a telegram," and I threw it on the make-up shelf to register my indignation.

"But it's the same salary the four of us are getting here," argued Dad.

"Yes, is that so? Well, I'm not letting any woman support me. I want that understood now and forever." That ended the discussion for the time being. Dad started making up for his act, and I began packing my trunk.

"I hope I never have to play this joint again," I mumbled to myself as I threw my stage clothes in the top tray.

A few minutes later, while I was spreading cocoa butter over my face to remove the grease paint, I got to thinking about Koster and Bial again and gave them a "dressing down" that must have made their ears burn. In my estimation, from that moment on, they were in a class with Keith and Albee.

Dad never uttered a word during all this monologue; he merely started humming to himself. Dad always used to start humming when he wanted to control his temper.

CHAPTER XIV.

MIXING IT WITH THE STARS.

THE next morning (Sunday) Josie and I were called to our parents' room and the four of us went into conference about the Koster and Bial offer. Koster and Bial's music hall at that time was the leading high class vaudeville theater of America.

The agent's office had sent word that they would have to know our decision immediately regarding Josie's appearance there, as the engagement was to begin the following night.

Much to my surprise, Josie herself very diplomatically took my side of the argument, which was that the arrangement would not only professionally belittle the other members of the family but would also destroy the trademark of THE FOUR COHANS. Had she shown the slightest sign of being in favor of the engagement, or had I imagined for a moment that there was any inclination on her part to accept the offer, they never in the world

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Are you letting your skin grow old?

IT is a true saying that beauty is only skin deep. Therefore keep your skin young and you needn't worry about beauty or the number of your year. Perfect cleanliness through the use of the right soap makes it easy to keep your face as young as you are—or even a little younger.

Resinol Soap is the ideal cleanser. It gives a profuse lather that, despite its airy daintiness, sinks deep into the delicate pores and roots out the impurities, permitting the skin to function normally. It rinses easily—an important fact to consider when selecting a toilet soap—and imparts a velvety softness and pleasing clearness.

Get a cake from your druggist today and give it a trial. The result will speak for itself—and volumes for Resinol Soap. It will make you feel that here is a soap whose regular use will help to preserve the natural freshness of youth beyond the time when most women lose it.

Should blemishes appear

apply a little Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots and see how it clears them away. This soothing, healing preparation has been successfully used for years in treating skin troubles, slight or serious. Thousands of homes are never without it.

RESINOL SOAP

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dept. 8-K Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

could have managed to bring me around to the "dollar and cents" way of thinking.

Josie used to say this about me: "Give my brother his own way about anything and he'll do it your way nine times out of ten."

That's pretty good "dope" on any stubborn person and the system has proved valuable to me on several occasions.

After a pretty "peppery" discussion it was finally settled that Josie was to accept the Koster and Bial proposition, and Dad notified the agent's office that everything was O. K.

AFTER her opening performance she was engaged indefinitely. (She was a heavenly dancer.) She was also immediately booked at what was known then as the Vaudeville Club, which was a sort of society cabaret affair over the Metropolitan Opera House. This double engagement lasted for weeks and weeks. Later in the season she was transferred to the Imperial Music Hall, which afterward became Weber and Fields' playhouse. She rounded out the entire winter as a single handed entertainer at twice the salary the "four" had ever received.

During her "Imperial" engagement I said to her one day, "Why don't you speak to the manager of that house and see if you can't get him to put me on for my single specialty?"

"I'll speak to him about it tonight, Georgie."

The next day she brought what she thought was good news.

"Everything's fixed, Georgie," she said. "I've arranged for you to show your act." I was tickled pink.

"There's to be a big benefit performance at the Imperial Friday afternoon," she went on. "It's to raise money for the yellow fever sufferers in the South; all the big stars of the town are going to appear and Mr. Krauss told me that he'd be only too glad to look at your specialty if you care to go in the bill."

"I don't think so much of that idea," I said disappointedly.

"Well, at least it's a hearing," put in Dad.

"Why don't you do it, son?" chimed mother.

"What does that guy think I am, a benefit actor?" and, to emphasize my contempt for the idea, I added, "He's just trying to get something for nothing, that's what he's doing."

After thinking the matter over that night, however, I decided that it might be well to break into a big all-star bill even at a benefit performance, so the next morning I went to Josie and told her to inform the manager that I would positively appear if he'd give me a good spot on the program. She came back that same night with the information that no particular time or spot could be promised, but that the curtain was to rise at 1:30 and the bill would probably run until well after 5:30. If I cared to take a chance they'd put me on whenever they could.

"O, just want to use me as a convenience, is that the idea?" When I "pulled" this speech, Dad, mother, and Josie, all three, walked away and left me flat.

Regardless of the indignant stand I'd taken about the benefit offer, I could hardly wait for Friday to come. The curtain was advertised to rise at 1:30 p. m. I was there at 12:30, bootblack box and all. I missed the music rehearsal at 9:30 in the morning, as no one had notified me when it was to take place.

I got hold of the house musical director, however, and gave him my song arrangements and explained the act and the tempos to him as best I could.

"Now, be very careful and keep the string instruments muted during my recitation," I explained, "and tell your cornet player to come along with the melody of the repeat chorus as *forte* as he can in the opening song."

"All right," he said, and started to go, but I grabbed him again.

"AND listen, Professor," I continued, "ask the drummer to give me a long 'roll' on the snare drum when I finish the buck and wing dance. Look, here's the step I do for the climax." And I went through the movements of the thing to illustrate. His mind seemed preoccupied. He started away again and I grabbed him the second time.

"Just one thing more," I started, and he pulled away from me and shouted:

"For God's sake, shut up. I've got forty acts on my mind. You could explain all this in two minutes; you've taken a quarter of an hour already."

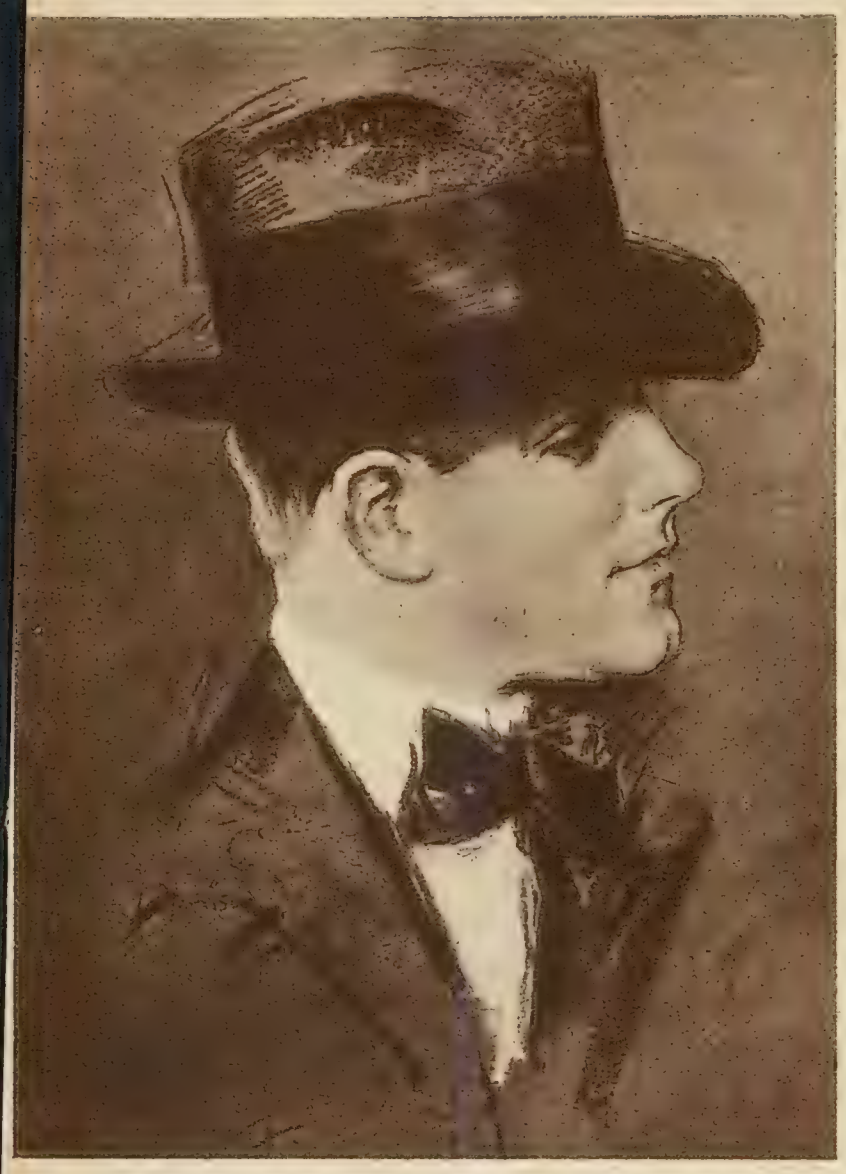
"O, you're one of those guys that knows it all, is that the idea?"

"Say, who is this person, anyway?" he turned and inquired of one of the stage hands. Josie walked through the back door at this point and, instinctively feeling that I was in a "jam," as usual, came running over in our direction. She explained to the musical director that I was her brother and went on to say how thankful she'd be if he could assist me in any way at all.

"I'll do the best I can for him, Miss Cohan," he said, "but he's been annoying the life out of me for the last fifteen minutes." He glanced at his watch. "I've got to get out front and start the overture; I'm late now," and he dashed downstairs to the orchestra pit.

"You should be more careful how you talk to people, Georgie," Josie warned me.

"Where do you get off to tell



Portrait of George M. Cohan, painted by Harrison Fisher in 1916.

me what to do?" I returned. "Nobody's paying me anything for this. I'm doing it for nothing."

"So is everybody else," she shot back.

"Ask that stage manager what time I go on, will you, please?"

"Ask him yourself," she snapped, and walked to her dressing room. Josie was frightfully disturbed and showed it, too.

I WAITED around the stage for a couple of hours listening to round after round of hearty applause received by all the celebrated artists appearing before an audience that packed the little music hall from pit to dome.

I remember following Ned Harrigan from one side of the stage to the other in order to get a look at him. I mixed in here and there with different groups that carried on "shop talk" conversation, and kept moving about in a sort of half interested, half disgruntled way wondering where and when I'd be put on the bill.

About four-thirty I walked down to the first entrance, pushed my way through the crowd, and tugged at the stage manager's coat tail.

"Will you please tell me what time I go on?" I asked.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"George M. Cohan," I replied.

"Don't know anything about it," he answered.

"Well, who does know? Who's running this gag, anyway?"

"Don't bother me now," he said, "I'm busy," and he started waving his hand to some performer on the other side of the stage to take another call before he rang up on the next act.

Josie had been on and was dressed for the street again, but I was still sitting on the edge of a trunk up stage, waiting to be called. It was now after five o'clock.

"Will you please go down there and ask that guy what time I go on?" I pleaded with her again.

She went to the first entrance and came back with the message that an act from some musical comedy was to follow the troupe of Arab acrobats that had just finished and that I'd most likely follow the musical comedy.

"How long does that run?" I inquired.

"I don't know. The stage manager's so busy no one can find out a thing." Josie felt for me, all right, and I knew it, too; but my temper got the better of me, and I said:

"This is a fine trick you played on me with your benefit stuff. These guys around here will think I'm some stage-struck amateur hanging around, begging to go on."

"It isn't my fault, Georgie. Don't blame me." And she began to weep.

"You've certainly made a fine 'yap' out of me, that's what you've done," I added. This was more than she could stand, and she left the theater to start for home.

I SAT there on the trunk until ten minutes to six. I heard the audience cheering the announcement of how much the gross receipts of the benefit had amounted to, and then the orchestra broke into The Star Spangled Banner and the drop curtain came down as they banged into a Sousa march to play the audience out.

I had been in the theater dressed and ready to go on for five hours and a half, and there I was sitting on the edge of a trunk up near the rear wall, still waiting to be called when the performance was over.

All the actors and actresses, stars and near stars, circus performers, and variety headliners who had filled the entrances to watch the different acts as they went on and off now started toward the stage door laughing, chatting, and carrying on all kinds of small talk as they passed me by without even a glance in my direction.

"Lucky lot of stiffs," I mumbled to myself. "I'll get even with all you birds some day, see if I don't."

I went to the dressing room and started to change my clothes. While I was "washing up" an old gentleman came in the room and said, "Too bad you didn't get on, kid. I guess they had too much show, eh?"

"O, I'm satisfied." I threw the cold water in my eyes to wash away the tears. "I've got this guy's number, all right. They'll never get me for any more of their benefit bills. I'm through, but I'll get even with this guy Krauss, see if I don't."

"Did Krauss ask you to play the benefit?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Ask me to play it?" I sneered. "He sent forty messages to me through my sister. He just begged me to play it, that's all."

A few minutes later, on the way to the street, I passed the old gentleman in the hall. He was talking and giggling with two or three other men, and as I walked by they fairly screamed with laughter.

I found out later that the old gentleman was the manager of the Imperial, Mr. Krauss himself.

"America's best song writer." That was the first goal George M. Cohan set himself, and with all his drive and self-assurance he went after it. Then came the jolts! He tells about them, and about how his first song was accepted by a publisher, in the fourth installment, in next week's issue. Like the third, this installment is packed with human interest.

"Lucky lot of stiffs—I'll get even with all you birds some day, see if I don't."

Mr. Sennett Presents —

MISS ALBERTA VAUGHN, whom the impresario of the bathing beauties declares to have the most shapely figure in Filmdom. But Miss Vaughn has other attributes to commend her. She has played leads in both The Telephone Girl and The Go-Getters, released by F. O. B.

YOU will probably be astonished to learn that Colleen Moore, the ideal flapper, plays a farmer woman with a grown son (!) in So Big, the movie of Edna Ferber's best seller.

IN this attitude (from Sundown) Hobart Bosworth is reminiscent of Bill Hart. But he doesn't need to be. Mr. Bosworth is well able to enjoy distinction in his own right.

WHEN Elinor Glyn's new screen story, His Hour, appears on the screen, John Gilbert will play the leading masculine rôle, opposite Aileen Pringle. Ought to be interesting!

NOT everybody knows that Blanche Sweet once danced with Gertrude Hoffman, and spoke a part in a Chauncey Olcott drama. She's scoring again in Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

The LAST *of the* DUANES *and* OH, YOU TONY

A MOVIE REVIEW

By ALVA TAYLOR

THE Last of the Duanes marks a turning point in the screen career of Tom Mix. This exceedingly popular horse riding and gun shooting western star has, in the eyes of his employers, at last created special material in the way of production and scenario. The other new Mix picture, Oh, You Tony, is not one of these special productions. It is one of the farce comedies, in which Tom is called Tom, and in which Tony, the wonder horse, is featured.

But The Last of the Duanes is a picture which even those who do not love Tom for himself alone (if such there be), ought to like. Of course, if you don't like pictures set in the great open, with shootings galore, and bad men who rustle cattle, kidnap young girls, and kill upon the slightest provocation, then you won't want to go to The Last of the Duanes. And you'll miss a lot of fun.

The action takes place several years back on the plains of Texas, when the men of the untamed West were free with their firearms.

The shooting begins in the first reel, when Tom, as Buck Duane, shoots a man in a duel, and is then forced into the life of an outlaw, until the little affair shall have "blown over." One hand shooting, two gun shooting, duels, shooting behind the back, murderous shooting, shooting in self-defense —all this gun play is held together by a good story.

Romantic, dramatic, full of tense situations and exciting episodes, The Last of the Duanes moves rapidly along until Tom has the villains all tied up, ready to be collected by the Texas Rangers, and he has received his pardon, and been reunited with his sweetheart.

Oh, You Tony, as we mentioned before, is a film laying claim to nothing except that it is amusing. Which, after all, is enough to ask of any picture. Entirely unpretentious, it serves the purpose of providing an entertaining vehicle for both the popular Tom and his horse. And if you haven't seen Tony you haven't seen a horse. He's about one of the most intelligent horses that ever neighed.

The story is one of those in which the unsophisticated and sombrero wearing he-man from the West, pays a visit to the refined and cultured East, where he schools himself in the intricacies of etiquette, and having returned to his uncivilized West, tries to introduce the acquired manners of the East into the life of his cowboys.

The inevitable villains in this picture are not of the gun shooting variety, but civilized white-collared, crooked men who wish to rob Tom of his ranch.

This they almost manage to do by inveigling the Westerner into a crooked deal, encouraging him to spend all his loose cash in the East on five thousand dollar wraps and the like for an Eastern siren in league with the crooks, and then forcing him to mortgage his ranch, in which his sweetheart is a partner with a half interest.

Everything then depends upon the outcome of the big road race in Tom's home town, where his Tony is pitted against the race track horse of the chief villain. There is the frustrated attempt of the crooks to prevent Tom and Tony from entering the race, the frantic rush by way of the short cut across the chasm to get to the starting point, the miraculous escapes from all the traps set along the road, and finally the victorious finish, in which Tony comes in first, the ranch is saved, and Tom decides that his little partner is the best woman in the world.

The girl in the case in this picture is played by Claire Adams.

After the shooting the popular Fox stars, Tom Mix and "Tony," out-trick their assailants in a thrilling getaway. At the right—a rest between stunts.

NEXT WEEK: Pauline Frederick, May McAvoy, and Lew Cody in *Three Women.*

COURAGE—*Masculine Gender?*

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Woman is prepared from the time she comes into the world for motherhood—courage of the highest order, without acclamation, accepted in the scheme of things.

Which Has the Greater Valor—Man or Woman? Down Through the Ages Man Has Proudly Accepted the Distinction, but with What Justice? What About the Unseen and Unsung Bravery of the Daughters of Eve?

Pictures by GLEN A. MITCHELL

THE classic tongues began it, the various Latin people kept it up, the Teutons fell in line, and those who speak the English language have accepted the significance that the gender brings to Courage. It is masculine.

All tongues admit it is a derivative of heart. *Cor* is the Latin for heart—glowing and warm, the core of life itself. But *cor* is masculine, too.

Still, it belongs to us, to women. Along with the ridiculous rib of Adam, which he parted with solely in the wish for a dancing partner, he must have decided to throw in, as well, a bit of that curious ventricle thumping demonstratively on his left side on such foolish occasions as moonlight nights, or spring mornings, or when being nibbled at by a dinosaur.

He was glad to dispose of that rib in the hope of decreasing the thumps, but there he reckoned unfortunately. For she, the rib, played her first and most deadly trick upon him. Her existence accelerated his heart action, and he might have destroyed her altogether for a disturber did she not, with this ragged bit tossed to her, make amends for his added tumultuousness by modeling beautiful playthings for his light moments: love for moonlight, and babies for sunny mornings, grown up children for the rainy day, and—out of her great cunning—courage to sustain his own, courage unseen, unsung.

Unseen, unsung! That is the difference between man's and woman's courage.

His is for the limelight, hers for the heartlight.

She left him the broad gesture, and for this she deserves no credit. For she takes pride in his wide sweep. The stretch of the arm holds

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Will Prove to You that You Can Make $100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week. You can make $5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for it is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted at Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from $50 to $100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made $6 in 1½ hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared $8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made $24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training, and you can do as well or better.

Amazing Profits for Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy, for our products are in demand everywhere.

Your Profits Will Begin at Once

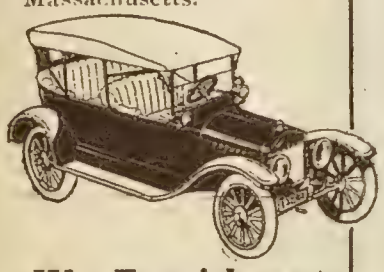
These records show you how our representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$16 Profit First Day
That's the record of Alyse Leblanc of Massachusetts.

$32 Profit in 8 Hours
is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya of New Mexico.

$13 Profit First Afternoon
Jacob Myron of Connecticut started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

$40 in 24 Hours
was the result of the first work of B. Collander of Massachusetts.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

the extended sword, forfends between her and hunger, and brings physical safety and moral security.

Conscious of man's courage—not having deduced it to a broad if worthy gesture—at first it seemed to me difficult to claim that woman's valor was greater than man's, although the editor of this magazine undoubtedly hoped for the sake of argument that such was my conviction.

I admitted that, on the surface of things, men were braver than women, and then, feeling traitorous, I went squarely to men for an opinion. I have a terrible uneasiness that, braver though women may be, they are not so honest when it comes to relinquishing attributes which we would like to claim as our own.

The first consultant left me about where I was. A surgeon admitted that women before an operation showed greater courage than did men, but he spoiled it all by claiming that physiologically this was a natural phenomenon, for women are more frail than men, and since the thread of life is more slender there is less to hold them to earth.

"Then are men afraid of death?" I asked.

"No, they're afraid of not living. All their blood is pounding to keep on, yet they take the chance of expiring, and since they are relinquishing more, physically, at least, I'm not sure they haven't the greater courage. Especially since they put up a good game of bluff."

I edged forward. "You mean there's courage to be found in the bluff itself?"

He nodded as he said, "The world has its standards—we want to live up to them."

Ahem! Limelight!

I WALKED across the hall to wait upon a gynecologist for further discoveries. Through the heavy door of the consulting room came the sound of a woman sobbing.

Now if a man sobbed—and then it came to me that there's something very valorous in men to make standards that aren't pleasant to live up to when they could just as well have made easier ones, such as screaming at mice. So that was three counts for men—and most disconcerting.

While waiting I thought of the Scot who had told me he was always afraid in battle, all the time—unceasingly. But his fear of fears would be that his men would know it.

"After a night's fighting," he had said, "I would walk down my line of men and I would look into the eyes of each one of them. I would say to myself: 'Did they know I was afraid—did I let them know it?' If I had ever read scorn in the eyes of one of them it would not have been a German bullet that would have ended me." The captain tapped reflectively with his stick upon his wooden leg.

"No, I hadn't any courage," he repeated.

"The trouble with you women is, you can't possibly understand the inclination to bolt—the easiness of bolting as against being killed," another soldier once said to me impatiently.

YES, I can. The first leading rôle I ever played was in a racing drama—In Old Kentucky, it was called. I was to ride to victory dressed as a jockey, riding a spirited horse. The audience was given only a view of the end of the race, my mount leading and five other horses tearing along a length behind. I had been pressed hurriedly into the part and there was only one rehearsal and that on the morning of the matinée in which I was to appear with my beast alone—which had its fortunate side.

Everything was all right but the beast. He, accustomed to another and lighter rider, bucked me off on to the hard floor and did unentertaining things with his teeth. The groom opined that I had better not try again; that, when the moment came for the actual dash across the stage with the five other horses galloping behind, "the chances were," as he put it, the mount would be too nervous to notice who was on his back. I accepted this mutely. Accepted it with the sure conviction that I would be thrown, and killed by the animals bringing up the rear.

The comedy began merrily. I could hear as in a sick daze the audience laughing at my sallies. I was in my little breeches and had been swung up on my toothsome friend.

I crouched down on the small English saddle, waiting for my death. The band was blaring, the other actors were gayly describing the race through a knot hole in a canvas fence. A thought zig-zagged across my brain, a self-preserving thought—the first thought nature gives to us. "Get off!" it zig-zagged, "save yourself."

And then, quite clearly, "No, go on and die. Don't show that you're afraid."

I scrunched lower. There was the slash of a blacksnake whip across the trembling legs of my horse, administered by the stage manager to produce the desired leap.

We leaped.

There was a thunde: of hoofs behind, a high note of music and a roar from the audience. I had crossed the stage. I was alive.

If that wasn't going into battle I'll never better know it. But all the same it was a gesture for others to see.

And what gets me—why should we try to put on a front before

"She went on with her job—brought up her nameless brood, who played alone. She waded out for ecrevisse . . . on the day she died."

these others? What have they done that we should risk our lives to avoid their chaff? "Chaff"—a great word—something to be thrown away; chaff matched against the importance of our beautiful lives. So: *Is* the "gesture" a matter of scarecrow flappings after all; a mere flapping of arms to scare off the crows? Is it not the rush of flame from the souls of men, the striving for whatever form of perfection we humans have, more or less meanly, accepted as the outward manifestation of the spirit?

YOU see how generous I am—generous to the male. Four counts to his credit now, and the views of the gynecologist yet to come. He didn't have to think it over—that doctor. He said women had more courage before I had finished my query. And it was not sporadic courage; it was courage with months in which to develop fear. *But:* "Woman is prepared from the time she comes into the world for motherhood. It is her mother's parting gift to her who has been so long closeted in the dim school. She gives to the girl the brave, shining example of her own pain."

I suggested that boy babies might profit by that same shining example the same way.

"I doubt if that is what they are learning in the mother school. That is not what they most need. Not that kind of endurance. Women must be prepared for the greatest agony that comes to human life."

"Then it isn't courage, but inheritance that makes women stand the pain?"

"Courage of the highest order," he satisfactorily contended. "For it is courage without acclamation. It is not of the unusual. It is accepted in the scheme of things. It *is* the scheme."

"You mean that man's courage is of the kind to receive awards?"

"It is. Whether we want them or not. But there are no medals for mothers. . . ."

Five counts for men if courage as a natural inheritance has less significance than that which is manifested by a heroic overcoming of native fear. Grant them, grant them. Wear the bright badges across your breast, *messieurs*, but you get no more.

Let us talk now of the heroism without acclamation; of simple minds, of unrebelling hearts—of woman and her daily round.

It was a theater dresser in England who wore —to me—an invisible trophy of the brave. She was called in as an extra assistant, and was grateful for this chance augmenting of the nine shillings weekly brought her by all day scrubbing.

"I've been at it for five years now, miss, my man bein' out of work that long, charring and odd jobs. 'E come 'ome five years ago and slouched down on the bed. 'E'd lost 'is place. There's more men than places in England. We knew that. It took the tuck out of 'im, in a manner o' speakin'. Four of us there was, and another on the way. I cooked 'is brekkus—'is 'ad been night work—and went straightaway out to get the first chance at the scrubbin'. But, O, miss, I was thankful *—for I already 'ad a pail!"*

I KNEW a fisher girl in France. In her locality babies have a way of coming into the world before the marriage service, and that is not discredited, for there never yet has been a case where the paternal parent was in doubt. There can be love on that bleak shore, but no ceremony till the man has bought his boat. They make quaint wedding couples marching to the church, for the *Père's* gentle punishment for such a slip is that the bride must wear black.

My girl had her somber wedding gown laid out for the morrow, and her man went to buy the wedding ring on this preceding day.

But a landsman with a grudge against another farmer mistook him in the dusk, and the fisherman was found dead upon the road with the ring clutched in his hands.

It is not a kind community to those who break tradition. Could she have achieved a marriage, ever so delayed, she would have remained of the elect. But her man was dead and, failing to become a wife, there would be no more place for her in decent circles.

SHE knew this. Knew the paths of loneliness that were for her weary feet, yet when her lover's rival came at midnight, offering marriage and the acknowledgment of paternity, she refused him.

And the next day, a thing apart, she waded out in the icy waters for the catch of *écrevisse.* They were ready for her. Flung filth bespattered her, and dead fish.

She went on with her job—brought up her nameless brood, who played alone. She waded out for *écrevisse,* the delicacy of Paris tables, on the day she died.

Another story that is running through my mind is that of a scrubwoman who lay dying after almost forty years of humble service on her knees. That it had not been spent on her knees before an altar, but dragging over office floors, was troubling her last moments.

"I haven't gone to church much," she kept murmuring. "I don't know what the Lord shall say to me. I worked so hard I kinda stayed at home on Sundays. I don't know what the Lord will say to me or I will say to Him."

The woman with her spoke. "Don't say anything to Him, Mary, don't say a word. Just show Him your hands."

Gentlemen, the case rests.

There is another interesting side of this question, which will be presented by Richard Adams in an article in an early issue, called "Courage—Has It Sex?" Be sure to read it.

The arbiter who held the scales of justice in the astonishing Loeb-Leopold trial—Chief Justice John R. Caverly of the Cook County Criminal Court.

"Not INSANITY but MENTAL ILLNESS"

The Defense in the Loeb-Leopold Trial

An Analysis of the Most Unusual Case in American Criminal Jurisprudence

By GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK and JOHN HERRICK

All photos by P. & A.

The voice of justice and precedent—State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe.

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PART I

THE newspapers have sent the names of Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb into the limbo of Molineaux, Thaw, Patrick, and all the other superlatively notorious slayers of the past, whose days in court were heralded over the length and breadth of the land.

The two young university honor students, sons of rich and prominent Chicago families, who kidnaped and then murdered fourteen-year-old Robert Franks for the thrill they imagined the experience would afford them, now wear the uniform of the Illinois State Penitentiary, and go to work each morning at 7 o'clock in the prison's chair factory.

Opposite their names on the warden's books stand a life sentence for the murder and an additional ninety-nine-year term for the kidnaping.

Leopold and Loeb may remain behind the bars for the rest of their lives, and they may not. From the public's standpoint, it will soon cease to matter greatly. Unless some act in prison again rivets attention upon them—as attention has been kept riveted, for example, on Harry Kendall Thaw—their names, after the lapse of a few years, will inspire only a vague recollection.

The average citizen will recall, perhaps, that they murdered a little boy in a particularly

HOW the Young Sons of Two Chicago Millionaires, Accused of Kidnaping and Murder, Escaped the Noose Through a Plea Which Failed in a Technical Sense, but Threatens Now to Revolutionize the Enforcement of Our Criminal Law—Particularly the Infliction of the Death Penalty

cruel and wanton manner; that they pleaded guilty, and (in his humble judgment, at least) richly merited the noose. He will probably recall, too, in a less distinct way, that they escaped because a number of alienists gave some testimony in their behalf, which he didn't entirely understand.

But the trial of Leopold and Loeb deserves to be remembered better than that by the public at large.

It is certain that it will be better remembered by the legal profession—particularly by those members of the bar who are most actively engaged in protecting culprits from the public's vengeance.

THE crime of Leopold and Loeb marked a milestone in the evolution of the American youth.

It pointed unmistakably to the dangerous alliance which may be cemented by precocity and wealth, and to the hazards of an educational system which can direct attention to the erotic practices of the past, but cannot insure an appropriate sense of the place such practices occupy in modern society. It brought vividly to the attention of parents that children are capable of living dual lives; that they can present an exterior which is good, wholesome, and pure, and yet, in the privacy of their imaginations, carry on an existence of quite another sort.

On any of these several scores the murder of fourteen-year-old Robert Franks was singular enough, and deserves to be remembered. But important as was the crime itself—as a commentary on modern social conditions—the subsequent trial of the two young slayers proved of even greater significance.

DOWN through the centuries, since men began to enact and enforce laws for mutual protection, humanitarianism has waged war against the more drastic forms of punishment.

Rome raised its revolting slaves on flaming crosses that stretched for miles along the Appian way, and tossed religious prisoners to the lions.

The masters of the galleys flogged their unhappy captives to death.

At the beginning of the Seventeenth Century England not only hanged her criminals, but caused them to be publicly drawn and quartered.

Those days, like the days of the rack and the thumbscrew, are past. Past, too, is the witch-baiting period, when the slightly daft were burned for their sins.

Prison farms and model prisons have replaced the dungeons and the stocks. Honor systems have been founded within the penitentiary walls. Movies also flicker there, and other means have been invoked to deal softly with criminals, in a manner which would have moved the medievalists of even the last century to gales of derisive mirth.

Thus far has humanitarianism progressed, but no farther.

Capital punishment has not been written off the statute books: society, by and large, continues to adhere to the doctrine of an eye for an eye.

Now the Loeb-Leopold case thrusts into this age-old conflict of two ideas a third theory of punishment, based on neither humanitarianism nor severity. It attempts to be psychologically scientific—to force the law to take notice of all the minor ramifications of the intelligence which may influence a man in his conduct. Heretofore the law has been concerned only with abject lunacy. Those who sponsor the new theory of punishment declare that the law's test is not delicate enough.

The defendants, whose lives depended upon the success of the remarkable new defense, enjoying a humorous flash in the course of the testimony—Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., at the left, and Richard Loeb.

"The Old Lion," Clarence S. Darrow, chief of the counsel who thrust the new plea of "mental illness" upon American jurisprudence.

It is not the purpose of these articles to debate the merits of that position.

Not only is the preservation of human life essential to the stability of society—the taking of life is the gravest wrong which one man can inflict upon another. Nothing matters to the dead—nothing, at least, of which the law takes cognizance. He who cancels the existence of another deprives that other of everything. And it may be the very irreparable nature of that injury which has caused society

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

to stand rigidly on its right to match the punishment to the crime, even while it has made certain concessions to humanitarianism by enacting elaborate statutes to prevent the unjust exercise of its prerogative.

It is certain, in any event, that any legal stratagem—any theory of the law advanced by counsel for the prisoner—which has for its purpose the modification of the penalty for murder, is a matter of the greatest public consequence, because it is an attack, in a sense, upon the most important of the public safeguards.

IT was precisely such a stratagem that counsel for young Leopold and Loeb attempted. In a technical sense, the stratagem failed, for Judge Caverly, in waving aside the state's demand for the death penalty and fixing the punishment at life imprisonment, declared himself to have been influenced only by the defendants' youth. And youth as a mitigating circumstance in crime is one of the law's most familiar preceptions.

But the technicality is unimportant. What matters from the public point of view is that, in going into battle, the lawyers for Leopold and Loeb pointed out a new way through the labyrinth of our criminal jurisprudence, which other lawyers for other criminals will be quick to follow.

They may all fail, but that is unlikely. Society shrinks before the charge of barbarism. Its inclination is to do a little injury to itself, that the mere suspicion may be dispelled. The history of criminality records the constant retreat of the law from its severest positions.

Some day some lawyer, fighting over the same battlefield and with the discarded guns of Clarence Darrow and his associates, will achieve victory. And when and if he does, the whole structure of our criminal law will have to be torn down and reconstructed.

Young Leopold and Loeb had no defense. Following their arrest, both confessed their crime with the most profuse detail.

They told how they had plotted the abduction and murder for months in advance — being careless, however, of what victim Fate delivered into their hands. They recounted how, when their preparations were ripe, they had encountered the little Franks boy on his way home from school; how they had lured him into a motor car rented for the purpose, struck him four times over the head with a chisel, bound and gagged him, and thrust him down to die on the floorboards. They described how they had ridden about the streets for hours with the body concealed in the back of the car, and, finally, how they had driven to a lonely

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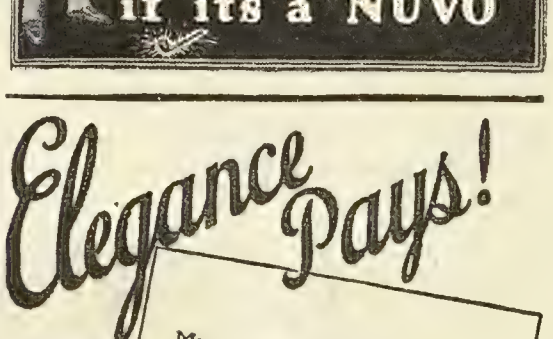

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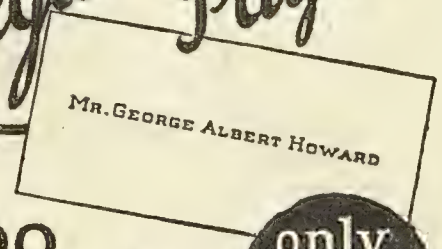

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THE SENTENCE of the Court

IN waving aside the psychological testimony adduced in Leopold and Loeb's behalf, Judge Caverly said:

"The testimony in this case reveals a crime of singular atrocity. It is, in a sense, inexplicable; but it is not thereby rendered less inhuman or repulsive. It was deliberately planned and prepared for during a considerable period of time. It was executed with every feature of callousness and cruelty. . . . .

"In choosing imprisonment instead of death, the court is moved chiefly by the consideration of the age of the defendants, boys of 18 and 19 years. It is not for the court to say that he will not in any case enforce capital punishment as an alternative, but the court believes that it is within his province to decline to impose the sentence of death on persons who are not of full age. . . . ."

"Hang them!" State's Attorney Crowe caught at an impassioned moment.

Clarence Darrow, many times during the hearing, seemed to have fallen to sleep. But State's Attorney Crowe, in the left background, is not deceived — for all too often "the Old Lion" leaped from seeming abstraction into effective action.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

prairie south of Chicago, there to jam the body into a partly flooded culvert and abandon it.

In his effort to send them to the gallows, the state's attorney, Robert E. Crowe, had amassed an array of corroborative evidence which established the validity of the confessions beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Such was the situation which confronted Mr. Darrow and his associates, Benjamin and Walter Bachrach, when they were summoned by the Leopold and Loeb families to avert the punishment which Mr. Crowe had every purpose to see inflicted upon the two youths for their deed. They might plead their clients guilty and throw themselves on the mercy of the court, or they might plead them not guilty and interpose a plea of insanity.

AUTOMATICALLY the man in the street had guessed that the defense must be insanity. There was no getting around the facts. An ironclad hanging case, the state's attorney had called it. Insanity seemed the only loophole.

To back up this speculation, alienists had begun to travel over to the county jail, where the nineteen-year-old killers were imprisoned. The death cell, reserved usually for the last twenty-four hours of the condemned, had been turned into a psychopathic laboratory as the psychiatrists, armed with notebooks and complicated and delicate equipment, examined the two boys.

Everybody in the United States—everybody in the world, it seemed—was talking about the case. For ten days, between the murder and the youths' confessions, the nation had been in a turmoil of conjecture, trying to solve the grotesque mystery of the dead boy found in the ditch water. For the ensuing seven weeks, between the confession and the morning set for the pleas of the defense lawyers, the nation had speculated on "What will Darrow do?"

There had been conferences between lawyers and doctors. The first scientific examination of the boys was made, ironically enough, on Friday, the 13th of June. On that day Dr. Earl M. Bowman of Boston and Dr. Harold S. Hulbert of Chicago came, not as alienists, but as neurologists and physicians. For nineteen days they examined the boys, using all the tests known to modern science.

The layman began to talk now, from vague rumors that floated from the improvised laboratory in the county jail, of endocrine glands—one of the scientists' newest fields of research—and their connection with mental functions.

The two doctors prepared their report and turned it over, an authoritative primer on the physiology of Loeb and Leopold, to other alienists who followed them to Illinois.

Dr. William A. White, head of St. Elizabeth's Government Hospital in Washington, D. C.; Dr. William Healy, director of the Judge Baker Foundation for Psychiatric Research in Boston, and Dr. Bernard Glueck, former psychiatrist of Sing Sing Prison—three of the great names in modern psychiatry—came out of the East for the sole purpose of examining the boys.

There were more conferences.

And the world still wondered, "What will Darrow do?"

One man's guess was as good as another's, and every man had a guess. Out in California, down in Mobile, they were talking about "the Franks case." Newspapers were publishing columns. Editors in Australia, in Havana and Saskatchewan, were sending nightly cables to their Chicago correspondents—asking, "What will Darrow do?"

Everybody was guessing.

Buried way down in a list of the possible courses that the defense attorney might pursue was, of course, the plea of guilty.

Everybody was guessing, but nobody guessed that.

Nobody had guessed it when Darrow shouldered his way through Judge Caverly's crowded courtroom that morning in July and stood, strumming his galluses, before the bar.

"We withdraw our former plea of not guilty and enter a plea of guilty," he said quietly.

Here was the beginning of the "unique

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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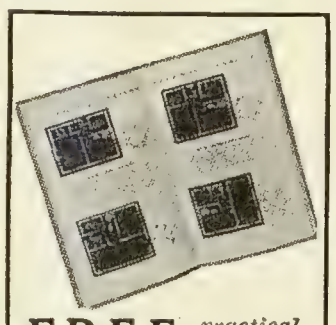

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

defense." Here was the launching of the Loeb-Leopold assault upon the law's accepted policy in holding criminals to accountability for their acts.

As the startled courtroom listened, it heard Darrow insist that the families of the boys did not want them set free, but wished them permanently isolated from the rest of the world.

A moment later and Mr. Darrow had set forth his threefold claim to clemency: the fact that his clients pleaded guilty, their youth, and, most important of all, their mental irresponsibilty.

FOR many years the law has taken cognizance of insanity, has decreed that an insane man shall not be held responsible for his acts. And it has provided that insanity shall be determined by a man's ability or inability to comprehend the difference between right and wrong.

For many years Clarence Darrow has been in revolt against this and many other major tenets of the criminal law. He is opposed in principle to the death penalty, and believes society is usually inhumane in its treatment of criminals. As his rugged, loose knit figure, in baggy, wrinkled clothes, dominated Judge Caverly's courtroom on that morning of the Loeb-Leopold plea, a record of one hundred acquittals for his clients in criminal cases lay behind him.

A master of bold strokes, of swift and brilliant courtroom coups, it yet remained for him to conceive the most audacious move of his long career in the defense which he was about to present.

He pleaded young Loeb and Leopold guilty, which in the light of the law was an affirmation of their sanity, because an insane man is incompetent to plead guilty before a court. But, having thus certified them to be sane, and therefore accountable to the law, he declared them in the next breath to be mentally diseased—not diseased sufficiently to impair their ability to recognize the essential difference between right and wrong, as the law defines insanity, but sick enough in mind so that their conduct was capable of being influenced by their infirmity.

This situation, Mr. Darrow maintained, should be considered by the judge in mitigation of their crime, as explaining it and in a measure excusing it.

Under the law in Illinois as in most other states, a judge has authority to consider such extenuating circumstances before pronouncing sentence. Indeed, if the state elects to introduce evidence to show the exaggerated nature of the offense, he has little excuse to refuse consideration to evidence submitted by the defense.

"No one claims there was not a

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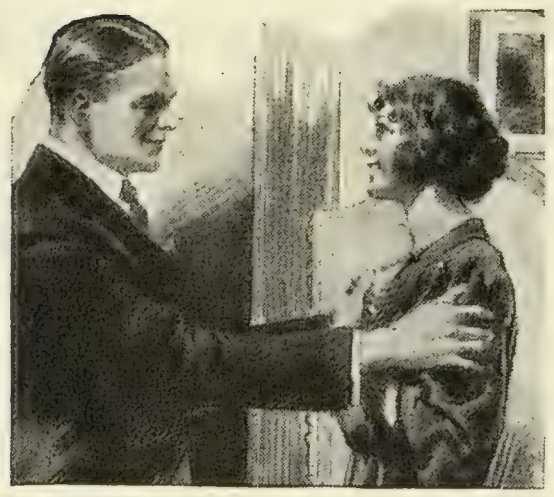

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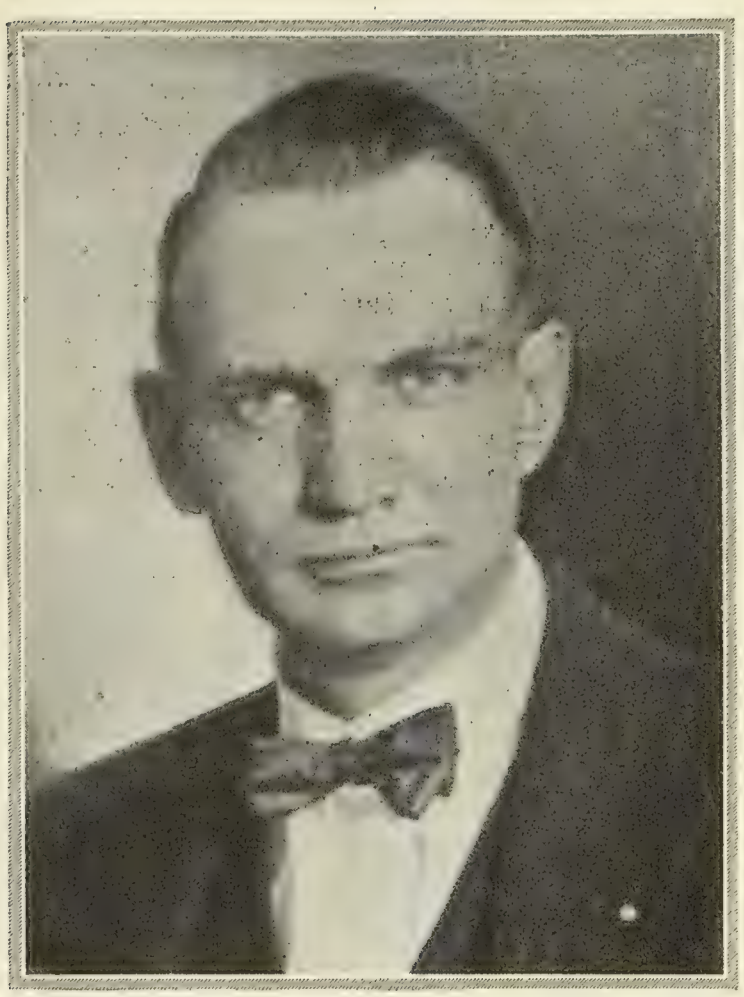


Dr. H. S. Hulbert of Chicago, expert in the physiology of endocrine glands, who testified to the defendants' physiological condition.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

murder," Mr. Darrow went on. "No one claims it was not done by these boys.

"We will attempt to inform the court of the make-up of these boys in a way that will leave no chance for any reasonable man to doubt their limited degree of responsibility in this case. . . . No one can imagine that mature people of full responsibility could have done what has been done in this case."

The premise was laid down.

THEN the defense tried to go a step further. It requested a conference of its alienists and the alienists engaged by State's Attorney Crowe.

A perfectly natural move, Mr. Darrow told the judge. The only issue, he insisted, was a medical one. It was desirable that the facts be presented in agreement, so they would have their proper weight.

Mr. Crowe thought differently. He was satisfied with the findings of his own alienists. He refused the request.

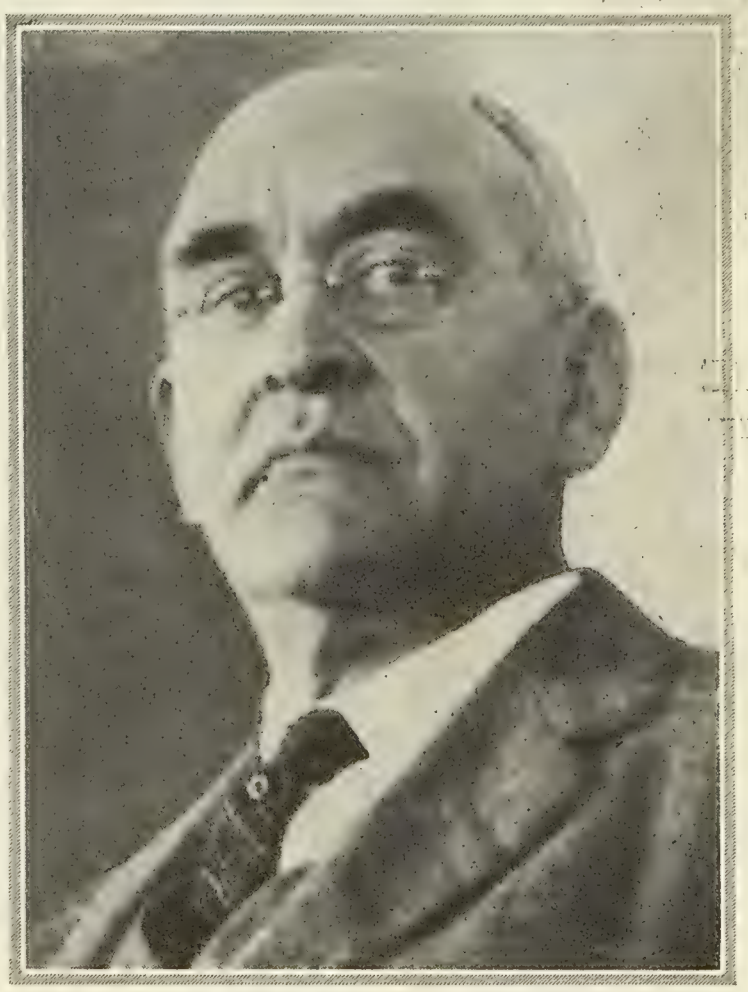
It might be a unique defense. It certainly was not going to be an easy one. For Mr. Crowe had a word to say on his own account about this new way of asking for mercy.

Over and over again the state asked, with sarcasm: Just how insane can a sane man be without being so insane that he needs a jury to determine just how insane he is?

An impossible question, the prosecution declared. Not an easy question, the defense countered, but a legitimate one.

Psychiatry, that branch of science which attempts to explore the intricate labyrinth of the abnormal intelligence, is relatively new. The law's precedents are old and not easily changed.

So it is not surprising that, while psychia-



Dr. William White, the defense alienist, who was the storm center of days of controversy.

trists have been asserting with increasing positiveness that the moral responsibility of the insane cannot be determined by the law's simple formula, the law has adhered to it, notwithstanding.

But have a conference of doctors, the defense persisted. Do without witnesses. Read only the facts of the crime into the record. Get these two sick boys to some place of cure—of

Dr. Karl Bowman, whose report covering an extended examination of Loeb and Leopold before the trial, was in frequent evidence.

punishment, of course, but primarily of cure—as soon as possible, and with as little fuss and bother as the law allows.

Mr. Crowe argued that mental sickness was so indefinite a legal defense that it had no place in court. If the nineteen-year-old murderers were not sane, the prosecutor insisted, they were insane.

And, if they were insane, it was up to the court to call a jury to decide the question of their mental responsibility, "as set down by the statutes of the State of Illinois." If they were responsible enough to be sent to the penitentiary, they were responsible enough to be hanged.

The gallows or the asylum—there was no middle course.

Again and again the prosecutor pointed out what he insisted were the only two judicial avenues.

"MURDERERS," he shouted. "Not invalid boys, murderers. Perpetrators of one of the most atrocious crimes of history. We will not just read our evidence. We will put on all our witnesses. We propose to pile up the evidence mountain high, so that there can be no question but that these defendants get nothing less than their just deserts on the gallows."

A day's recess followed. The actual hearing began July 23d.

Visiting jurist lined the judge's bench. Doctors cluttered up the aisles.

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

"The public," as typified by a section of the throngs which jammed the corridors of the Criminal Court Building and even the streets outside.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Sociologists and professors clambered over chairs, jockeying for positions from which to see. Hundreds were turned away from the Criminal Court Building.

Two girls who came from Louisville, Kentucky, to spend their vacation trying to win a smile from "Dickie" Loeb were typical of a small slice of the crowd.

But the majority of the spectators were not a morbid lot. The courtroom rather was a laboratory of psychiatry, a class in criminal law, a seminar in philosophy.

Eighty-two witnesses to the fact were placed on the stand by State's Attorney Crowe. Judges and lawyers who came to attend the hearing declared they had never read of another case in which the preparation was so thorough, in which every detail was so strongly supported.

Jacob Franks, the father of the slain boy, Mrs. Franks, the mother, took the stand and told how Bobby had left for school and never came home.

Hotel clerks and bank tellers explained how Loeb and Leopold had established a residence and a drawing account for the fictitious "Morton D. Ballard," who was to rent the death car.

Employés of the car-renting company climbed to the witness chair and recalled how Leopold had come in, posing as Ballard, to hire a car, and how he had given a telephone number and "Lewis Mason" to call for reference. The proprietor of a nearby cigar store told how Loeb, pretending to be Mason, had come into the store and answered the phone call from the garage company, in order to give Ballard the necessary character.

Not only did each salient point of the boys' confessions receive the support of at least one witness, but the state's attorney had gone further in preparing this case. The day after the confessions he had taken both boys in automobiles to reënact the crime, and the boys, with a curious, twisted zeal, were only too willing to stage this sham revival of the kidnaping and killing.

They had visited the car-renting people, the cigar store, the drug store where the acid used for disfiguring the body was bought, and the hardware store where the chisel was purchased. They retraced every step of the murder. They even argued with doubters to aid them in identifying them.

Between the two of them, by this weird volunteer method they piled up the most monumental heap of corroborative evidence that even the most avid prosecutor could imagine.

"The State of Illinois rests," said Prosecutor Crowe.

THE CO-AUTHORS OF THE SERIES

THE former Miss Forbes and Mr. Herrick, whose literary collaboration resulted in this remarkable series of analytical articles, have now agreed to collaborate for life. They were married in Evanston, Illinois, recently.

Both are Chicago newspaper reporters. Their romance began when they became members of the news gathering staff of The Chicago Tribune. Miss Forbes "covered" the Loeb-Leopold case practically from its beginning. When the trial began, she and Mr. Herrick were assigned to "cover" it together—probably the first case in newspaper history in which an engaged couple have collaborated on a news story of world-wide importance.

They were married just four days before Judge Caverly handed down his decision.

"Dr. White," called out Attorney Darrow.

It was the signal for battle between the legally minded prosecution, shouting "cold-blooded murderers," and the strategically idealistic defense, pleading "boys, mentally ill."

NO sooner had the black-browed specialist from Washington been sworn as a witness, stated his name, and begun to reel his long list of qualifications, than the state's attorney was in front of the bench hurling out objections.

This new theory of "mental irresponsibility in mitigation" was making a farce of justice, Mr. Crowe asserted. He elaborated on his caustic arguments of the first day, following the plea. He declared it was nothing less than a subterfuge to introduce a plea of insanity where a plea of insanity was specifically barred by statute.

"If your honor please," said the prosecutor, "where a defendant pleads guilty to murder, the only place your honor can find any evidence in mitigation is in the things surrounding the commission of the crime.

"You do not take a microscope and look into a murderer's head to see what state of mind he was in."

It was precedent protesting at the threat of this new thing trying to overthrow it.

"If a man murders another man because he has entered his home, because he has spread slanderous stories, or in hot blood during a drunken fight, that is mitigation. But here is a cold-blooded murder without a defense in fact, and they attempt under a plea of guilty to introduce an insanity defense before your honor when the statute says such a defense must be considered before a jury."

Then the defense made reply.

"We have learned something from the physicians," said Attorney Darrow, "and something from experience and imagination. We know there are many mental conditions that come far short of the legal definition of insanity, and which could not avail us for a moment as a defense in this case.

"We know that men and women may be very seriously ill mentally. They may know the difference and may be able to choose between right and wrong, but still they may be mentally affected. And courts take account of that today.

"If it be a mitigating circumstance that a boy was young and lacking in judgment, would it not be a mitigating fact if, because of mental disease, he had not the full capacity to act, the full judgment that is needed in the manifold situations which life holds out to us?"

For two days—while the doctor, involuntary center of all the turmoil, still held the stand—the battle between the defense and the prosecution went on.

Then it was Judge Caverly's turn to speak. He began by asking a question:

"How do I know whether these boys are competent to plead guilty or not guilty?" he inquired, and he followed it up:

"They have said they are going to put on evidence in mitigation of the crime. Our statute fixes different penalties. There certainly must be degrees of punishment, and in fixing the punishment, the court must be guided by the evidence introduced.

"They have a right to show me what was the condition of these boys' minds at the time of the murder. That is a subject of judicial investigation. We are not going to try an insanity issue here. But this court is of the opinion that it has a right to listen to any evidence in mitigation of this crime, touching the responsibility of these boys at the time they committed the deed.

"We will hear the evidence."

The new defense had won its first legal victory.

In the next article it will appear how that defense was developed.

END OF ARTICLE ONE

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Not a Bad Scheme!

Little Edith was sick and meanwhile bemoaning the fact that she had bitter medicine to take and that she was missing school sessions. Eight-year-old Samuel, who thinks the schoolhouse is a jail, put his arms around Edith and said, "You go to school, sister, and I'll stay home and take your bad medicine."—A. F. S., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

Lo, the Poor Maid!

After preparing a dainty lunch for several little girls, including two of her own, the mother was surprised to see that her youngest was sitting in a corner alone and was looking on as the others enjoyed the delicacies.

"Why haven't you invited Virginia to have some tea?" the mother asked of Grace, aged six.

"Well, she's the maid and it's the maid's day off," she promptly answered.—F. R. B., Memphis, Tenn.

"Giving It Air"

My little four-year-old niece forgot to bring her large rubber ball in the house. The next morning the little neighbor boy brought in the ball, but it was punctured. She asked me what was the matter with it. I told her the air had escaped out of it. In a short while I noticed the ball on the sidewalk again, and I scolded her for being so careless. "Well," she replied, indignantly, "I put it out there again so the air would come back in it."—M. E. O'Connor, Davenport, Ia.

* * *

And She Was Right!

Lois was helping her father weed the garden. Suddenly, with all her might, she pulled and uprooted a weed almost as tall as the tiny girl herself. "Gee, daddy, ain't I strong? I pulled that weed up and the whole world had hold of the other end!"—E. F. B., Oakland, Calif.

$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 55

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Picture by FREDERIC ANDERSON

KATHLEEN TELLS HER SIDE

"JIM, will you please turn the light out in the kitchen?" We had just finished dinner and were settling down by the reading lamps for a pleasant evening when Jim went out into the kitchen to get a drink. He had just got back to his book when I noticed the light left burning. So I said:

"Jim, will you please turn the light out in the kitchen?"

Surely a proper request and politely put. His answer was:

"I'm reading. Let it go!"

"Let it go! And what about the electric bill?"

"Pay it."

"That's easy for you to say, but I'm the one who has to do it."

"With my money."

That always makes me mad—that reference to "my money." Jim isn't much given to it, but it does slip in occasionally, perhaps unconsciously. I tried not to show I was irritated. I just said:

"Well, it may be your money, but it's my allowance of it."

"Then allow yourself a little bigger margin."

"But it's my department, the household, that you are interfering with, and——"

"It's my peaceful evening you are interfering with! I said in the beginning, I'm reading!"

"If you'd turned the light out in the first place when you were out there——"

"But I didn't. Can't you let it go?"

"I do! Nine times out of ten you leave the lights burning."

"I know it."

"Jim! You know you leave them burning and yet you do it?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"I've just told you why not—the bill!"

"O, I'm reading!"

I DIDN'T pursue the subject for quite a while. I was reading, too. But I couldn't concentrate. The idea of Jim deliberately leaving the lights on all these years, when I always thought it was just absent-mindedness. Deliberately!

"Jim! You've got to talk this out with me!"

"I'm reading!"

"Well, you can quit it for a minute! You leave the lights burning deliberately?"

"Yep!"

"I never heard of such a thing. Why?"

"Because I want to!"

"But why?"

He put down his book and began to glare while he talked.

"Because," he said, "my mother, when I was a kid, had the same mania you've got! 'Turn the lights out! Turn the lights out!' Because, as a kid, she used to wear my nerves to a frazzle keeping after me about them. Because, when I was a kid, I was afraid of the dark, if you want to know. I hated dark rooms, dark houses! I hate 'em now! I used to think, when I was a kid, that if I ever grew up, I'd have a big three story house, and I'd keep it all lit up, all night.

"And now, if I want to leave a light burning in the bathroom or the kitchen, and it gives me a certain satisfaction to do it, a certain relaxation, can you understand that? A certain sense of achievement, can you understand that? All for the large sum of a few bucks a month, and it's my money that pays for it. I don't see why I can't be allowed to indulge my fancy, in peace, without being nagged to within an inch of my life just at the moment I was trying to settle down to a peaceful evening in my well lit up home!"

"Because," he said, "my mother, when

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f Liberty with their frank and engaging discussions of the problems whose little differences are duplicates of those which the Jim and es is remarkable in the light it sheds on the essential triviality of moralists in no sense, yet their experiences have a moral. "Let Me

Sixth Episode in Jim's and Kathleen's Intimate Revelations of Marital Difficulties Entitled

Turn Out the Light!

A Conflict of Comfort Versus Efficiency

JIM TELLS HIS SIDE

I THINK a woman who nags without knowing that she nags can cause a man more annoyance than a woman who sets out deliberately to get his goat, as they say.

Understand, I do not think that Kathleen is a nagger or anything of the sort, but a woman can get that way by degrees unconsciously. So I have made up my mind to head off any tendencies of that sort. I cannot tell this to her. It would sound like an accusation and she would be hurt or angry, or both.

The best of women get that way. There were certain things my mother used to be set against and certain other things that she insisted must be done. For instance, she would always inspect my shoes when I was a boy. If there was a trace of mud on them I think it almost spoiled her entire day.

Last night Kathleen roused my spirit merely by a little silly insistence. I had left a light burning in the kitchen and was settling down to read. Suddenly I heard Kathleen's voice saying:

"Won't you please turn out the light in the kitchen?"

It was like one of those constant admonitions from the past. My mother had one queer quirk. She was economical in the matter of lights. I heard that so often, "Turn out the lights!" And it always happened when I was reading an exciting book.

Now I will not say that my boyhood days were at all unpleasant, but I do not want my married life to be too reminiscent of them. I have no desire to be a boy again or to be treated as a boy.

On that instant I made up my mind I would not turn out that light. It occurred to me strongly that the saving of twenty cents' worth of light was not worth that much discomfort.

I TRIED to explain to Kathleen how I felt about this very small matter. I felt that I had the right to waste about twenty cents of my money in letting a light burn if I pleased.

But still she was insistent. She did not seem to understand how she was annoying me, or if she understood she did not seem to care. This made me a little angry to have her prodding me this way and increasing my irritation over something that did not matter at all—a mere twenty cents' worth of electric light.

I pride myself that I was pretty well self-contained as the thing went. The average man could have worked himself into a passion over this sort of thing. The average woman should have seen the possible result. Not that I maintain Kathleen should study how to avoid annoying me. But this was inconsiderate.

It seemed for the time she was set upon making an issue of the twenty cents' worth of electric light. I did blurt out something about having the privilege of spending my money on a small illumination if I wanted to, and this seemed to make her more insistent.

To add to the irritation she insisted on talking the thing out. What was there to talk out? It was a little thing, a very little thing. If we are to argue over minor matters our partnership in this marriage business is going to be more replete with arguments than the celebrated partnership of Potash and Perlmutter.

Why, the whole thing is silly. It remains one of the jokes in the old comic weeklies where the wife asks the husband what he did with the thirty cents she allowed him for car fare.

Certainly I do not seek out little matters for debate with Kathleen. I never questioned any expenditure, though I may have made some mild remark about the gross of some of the monthly bills. But certainly I do not fuss over the little details. Some men do. If Kathleen had any experience with that type she would not annoy me this way.

She would let me waste twenty cents of my money in burning a kitchen light overtime.

THE END

In the New York residence of the Duchesse de Richelieu

In the exquisitely appointed East End Avenue home of the Duchesse de Richelieu, formerly Miss Elinor Douglas Wise, of Baltimore, it was fitting that a high quality lace such as Filet Grandee, should curtain the windows. The Duc and Duchesse are social leaders both in this country and abroad. Their American residence houses the famous de Richelieu collection of objets d'art, assembled by the renowned cardinal of France and his successors.

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The HIGHLIGHTER

"I know—I've been too numb to write."

Pictures by HARRY TOWNSEND

One Was the Sweetheart of His Youth, the Other His Fiancee---a Girl of Today . . . and Death Held the Stakes in Their Love Gamble

By FRANK R. ADAMS

THE FIRST PART OF THE STORY

LOLA, who tells the story, is seventeen. She used to go to parties with Jack Deerforth until she met Nayland Taylor, traveler and lecturer. Taylor, who is thirty-five, saves Lola from drowning in the sea and the romance that follows leads to their engagement. Sally Williams, with whom Taylor once was in love, is expected for a visit at Lola's home. Sally has just been divorced.

PART II.

MRS. SARAH KINGSTON WILLIAMS was something out of Thackeray's Vanity Fair. Not that she really wore hoopskirts and a fichu, but she was stately. In a world of women who romp she was a swaying lily, moving to the strains of an inaudible minuet. The idea that she had once been known as Sally seemed absurd. All the the warmth of the nickname had departed, leaving her like a lighthouse abandoned by the sea. You've got to step fast nowadays or you're out of it, and Mrs. Williams, somewhere back in the early days of her marriage, had decided to stand still.

Yes, as soon as I met her I was glad she had come. It would lay all ghosts of the past. All I would have to do now was to hold Nayland against any painted pirates that might skip a shot across his bows in the future, and if I couldn't do that I deserved to lose him.

That was before Nayland came to call the evening of the day she arrived. No one had told her even yet that he was in town.

I, who knew he was coming, felt almost sorry that I hadn't warned her so that she could put on something a little snappier than the dull, black, long skirted evening gown of the Floradora period she was wearing. It wasn't fair to her to be on inspection in the same room with—well, with me—in a lovely, sparkly dancing frock of apricot blush, which is pretty nearly the exact color of my skin, and of my soul, I guess.

But Nayland didn't see me.

O, my God!

He came and stood before her where she was sitting, languid.

For an instant her hand quivered on the arm of her chair and then she stood up, tall. I've never seen a woman so tall. And she's really only two inches more in height than myself.

"Nayland!" Gladness and distress all woven together into a mesh of gold—that was her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

His Letter

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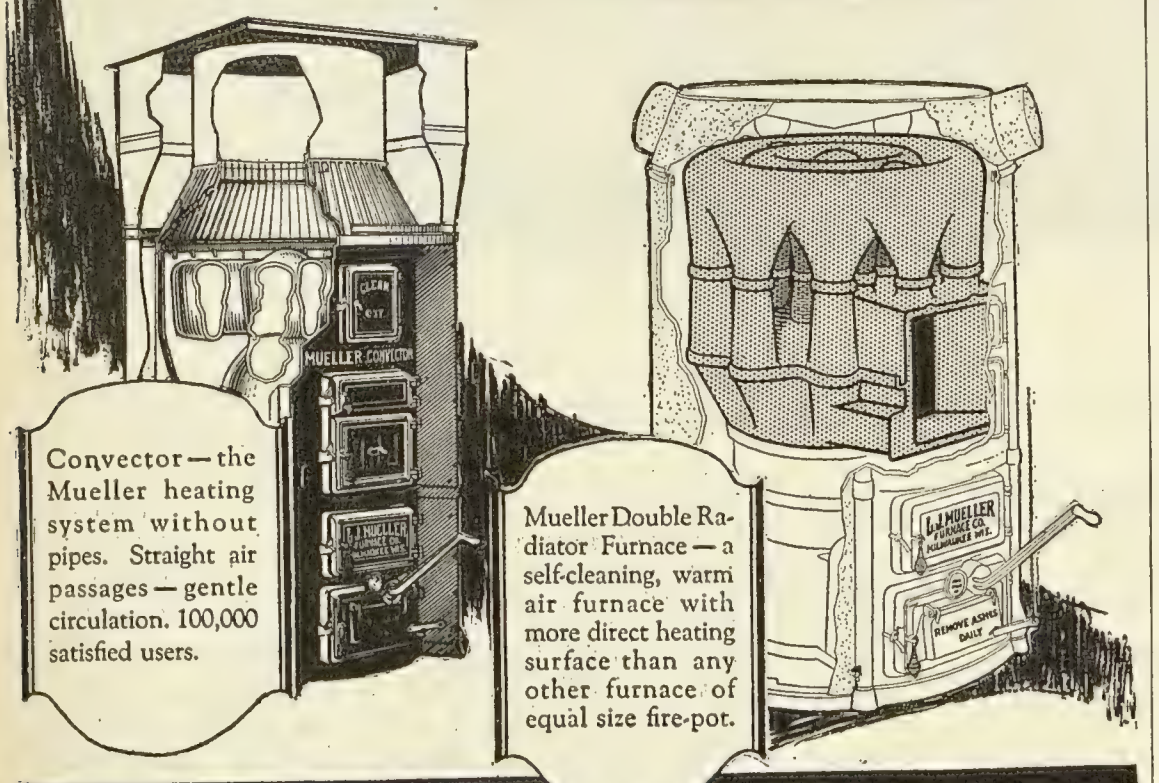

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

voice. She hadn't spoken to anyone else like that. "I didn't——"

"No, of course, you didn't." He seemed to know that she was going to say that she hadn't expected ever to see him again.

"THIS is the first year since we were kids in high school that you haven't written to me on my birthday," he was going on.

"I know." (Ethel Barrymore talks that way.) "I've been too numb to write. Things have hurt me and I've tried to develop a callous place over my heart. So I didn't dare dig beneath it to see if you were there. I never used to write very much, anyway."

"Your name was enough."

The voices of both of them had taken on the thrilling resonance of cello music. And I, poor fool, once thought this man loved me.

"You haven't changed much." She was exploring the well remembered features with the dim fingers of her fancy.

"You only think that. You've changed not at all."

"The lights are kind." They were. "I've quite grown up."

"You always seemed that."

"I've grown up, Nayland, grown up, and drooped a little."

"My dear!" It escaped him in an in almost whispered reproach that broke my heart to hear.

The rest of us in the room might just as well have been separated from them by footlights. For the moment we were only an audience and they were distant figures on a stage.

Then mother said something. You can always trust her to shatter whatever dreams there are by a careless sixteen-pound shot.

The tension broke, the gauze curtain lifted instantly, and we were all one merry family group once more (merry with reverse English, of course,) with not a speck of magic powder on our wings, not even wings, just places that hurt terribly where they had been broken off.

Mrs. Williams asked Nayland if he still played the piano and he laughed and said he didn't know any jazz—if that's what she meant.

But he played for her, anyway, just a lot of old songs nobody knows the names of any more. The way he did it, the words "Don't You Remember?" would have fitted any of them.

And she did remember. I watched her like a cat and I caught a tear in her eye. I was almost sorry for her again. I would have been if I hadn't hated her for those memories.

As you can imagine, I didn't have an awful lot of pleasant dreams to share my maidenly couch with that night. Of course, Sally Kingston wasn't at all the woman Nayland thought she was. She was, in reality, only a name on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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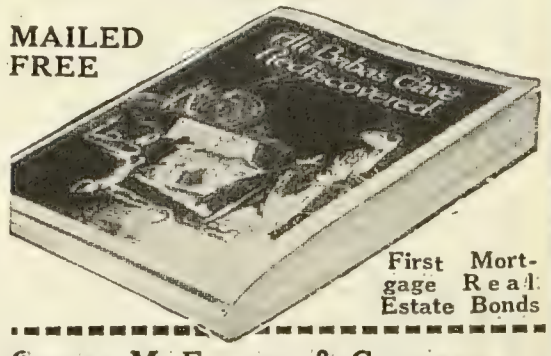

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"I sat up first. . . . Sally lay with her eyes closed. She had fainted, I guess."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

which he had hung a dozen years of poetic yearnings. For all practical purposes I was about twice as good a bet as she was. I had her beaten a hundred per cent on points —pace, form, endurance, and style. Besides that, I would inherit a hairpin factory some day, while she was poor—I could tell that by her last year's clothes—and our social position isn't so bad. (My mother was a De Vries before she entered into the happy *mésalliance* with dad.)

But all that wasn't much comfort. Just knowing that I was the most eligible girl in town (probably) didn't compensate worth a darn for the fact that the man I wanted was dwelling so far up above the mist in the sunrise that I could only see his feet.

WHY he had allowed himself to fall for me, even the little bit he had, was perfectly clear to me now. He had thought that the kid dream was over. He hadn't seen her for a long time and then that very year she had forgotten to write to him. So he had figured that hardening of the arteries had set in as far as he was concerned. And I was there. And I have a considerable untrained kick. But the minute she came in sight again a perfect tidal wave of memories had stood him on his beam ends.

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't give him up. Never to hear his voice, not to see him, not to laugh at him a little and with him a lot, was more than I could bear, is more than I can bear even now.

I had one advantage. Nayland considered himself bound to me and he wouldn't make love to her, at least not in words. His eyes and voice might talk in red headlines, but he wouldn't actually say anything that even a lawyer could shoot a hole through.

APPARENTLY I was not the only one who had troublesome thoughts that night. Mrs. Williams appeared at breakfast the next morning paler than ever. She had been white before, but now she looked as if a vacuum cleaner had been used on her heart and all the blood had been drawn from it.

That was the only sign she made, though, that she had had a glimpse into heaven and that the door had been shut in her face. Her poise was perfect. Whatever anguish she felt was covered with a film of whimsical humor that was transparent to no one but myself. I saw through it to the fact that Nayland had told her that he was engaged to me, but mother, bless her concrete millinery foundation, never tumbled to the broken hearts that were sitting around her breakfast nook pretending to eat toasted English muffins with strawberry preserves. She and Sally were engaging in the boring indoor sport of reminiscing and mother got a lot of hearty laughs out of her guest's way of putting things.

But I wasn't fooled a bit and later, when Mrs. Williams and I were left alone for a few minutes, we didn't, at first, have anything to say to each other.

Finally I could not stand it any longer, so I blurted out the thing that was on the tip of my heart.

"It isn't right for you to hate me the way you do. You think I'm just a selfish child, but I'm not. I love him just as much as you do. I know that no other man in all the world can say 'Hello' so that you can feel strong arms lifting you gently from the ground. I know that no woman who cares for him need ever have any other mirror than his shining eyes. I know the kind of soft warm thoughts he weaves about the people that belong to him. I know a lot about him and I appreciate him. What do you think of that? You thought I was a silly kid just trying out my web, didn't you? Well, I'm not. I'm a woman, just like yourself, and I'll fight for him even if it breaks all our hearts."

Sally did not say anything for a minute. The two wrinkles from her nose to the corner of her mouth grew a little deeper, perhaps, as if she were in pain. Finally she spoke gently, saying, "I'm glad that you love him so much and that you do understand."

SHE had me whipped right there, though I didn't know it at the time. O, if she had only come back at me, roasted me a little, sneered, anything. But she was so gentle, so terribly gentle, that it made me hate myself. She set me a model that, fool monkey that I am, I wanted to try to imitate. Not then, but later, when I had time to think it over.

At the moment I was mad. I wanted to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

claw and hiss. There is nothing so exasperating as a rubber adversary who yields and then springs right back in place.

"What right have you to try to take him from me?" I demanded. "You had your chance a long time ago and you chose another man because he was better looking—or because he appeared to be better looking. It isn't fair for you to come now and make a mess of my life, too."

I HAD said too much. I knew it as soon as the words had left my lips. I had hurt her terribly. Her lip trembled and she put her lovely, graceful hand to her heart. Forgive me, everybody, and you, Nayland, I didn't know women could be like that. I thought she would fight back.

"Have no fear, Lola," she said. "I am not here to interfere with anyone's life or happiness. I only came to get a little rest from unhappiness for myself. But I will go and——"

Mother came in just then, full of plans for the day, plans and the news that Nayland Taylor had left town, had gone up to New York for a few days. (So! He had run away!) There was to be a luncheon and bridge afterward. Mother is gone on bridge. With about a year more of practice she will be next to the worst player in town, but she dotes on the game, anyway, and people very seldom murder her for her mistakes.

But at lunch time Sally failed to come down from her room and I was sent up to see if she was ill.

She was not there. But she had left a note:

> Please make my excuses to your guests and forgive me yourself if you can. I am feeling ill and have gone for a walk in the open air.
>
> SALLY.

I looked out. It was raining and blowing like a motion picture nor'wester. They always have wilder elements on the screen than we ordinarily do in real life. I suppose it's so handy having your rain right there in a hose and your wind in an airplane propeller that you just can't resist turning everything on full force.

I thought I knew why she had left. I was wrong, but I was so young then that I suppose my reactions were apt to be melodramatic.

So I didn't even wait to tell mother about it, but hustled out to the beach without changing my clothes or getting a hat. As I said, it was both raining and blowing, and in about a minute my light summer house dress was reduced to a thin paste that clung to my body in a way which probably left no doubt of my Bertillon measurements in the eyes of any witnesses.

I headed for Rocky Point—the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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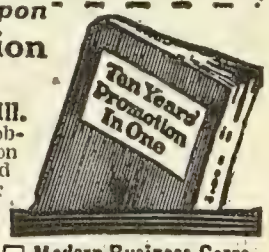

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

jagged cliff that stands up like a sort of a moated tower against the lashing sea at its base. It would be a great place to jump from if you didn't care where you landed. (There is a legend that Idawanto, an Indian girl, once did it back in pre-Colonial days.)

Sally was there, just standing, looking out, with the salt spray whipping her cheeks.

She didn't see me until I called to her. Then she turned, startled.

"Why, Lola, what are you doing out in this storm dressed in those clothes?"

"I came to look for you. I was afraid."

"O." She understood what I meant and shook her head. "You need not have worried. I'm desperately afraid of high places. I wouldn't dare even look over, much less jump. Besides, I'm too old, too worldly wise to do a thing like that. No woman ever kills herself because she loves a man—only because she loves herself. I haven't any right to make Nayland and you unhappy by forcing you to pity me. I suppose it has been my fault that he has missed a good deal out of life already—it certainly would be utterly selfish of me to cloud any of the balance of his existence."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You will make him just as happy as I could—happier probably in most ways. Nothing will make him forget me any faster than you can with your adorable youth and, pardon my frankness, your positively indecently lovely body.

"I shall have to hate you somewhat for possessing everything that I once had and perhaps a little more, but some day I'll send your second baby a teething rattle. Not your first, because I shall still be a little angry with God for hurting me, but by the time there are two, dust will have filled the wagon ruts that cross my heart and I'll not care—a—tiny—single—bit."

DAMMIT, she made me mad. Because it wasn't a pose. Her serenity was real. How do you cope with a woman like that? Inside of me there was a perfect cyclone of hysteria doing corkscrews in my brain and demanding to be let out in some kind of a scene, but she was unruffled. How could she be so calm with destiny going to smash all around us?

We started to walk home together. Personally, I would rather have stayed out and had a good cry with old Mother Nature, who seemed to be feeling slightly temperamental herself, but Sally wouldn't go on without me.

Perhaps my foot slipped. Maybe I partly intended to fall. Anyway, I did, and I was too near the edge and I went over. I didn't really mean to do that.

Sally grabbed at me, but it was too late. I went head over heels into space. Just while I was falling I remember that I laughed. It was a strange ending of the situation for me to get out of it like that—to do the very thing that I had feared she had planned. I wonder if lots of people don't pass out like that, quite unintentionally, when they never really meant to pull the trigger at all.

But I didn't die. About ten or twelve feet down I struck a projecting ledge and my hands and arms automatically clutched at a sharp jutting rock, to which I clung with slipping fingers a hundred feet or so above the clashing waves.

I looked up just in time to see Sally peering out over the edge of the cliff, her face white and terrified.

But she didn't get hysterical, even then.

"Can you hang on?" she asked.

"For two or three minutes, perhaps," I answered. The rock was sharp and my fingers were cold.

"Do the best you can," she admonished and disappeared.

I almost laughed. There wouldn't be time to run to the nearest house and get help. And there was nothing she could do that would be of any use. Or at least that was what I thought.

But I was wrong.

The first thing that came over the cliff was a strange looking rope made of her raincoat torn in two up the back and tied to the sleeves of her one piece dress. The end of it dangled just over my head.

Fool woman! To think that it would hold me even if I could let go my hold to reach for it, which I couldn't.

I shook my head at her as she peered over the edge once more. I knew she was lying flat on her stomach, trembling with fear even at the necessity of looking down from that giddy height.

"It's no use," I shouted.

"Wait!" She disappeared once more.

I shut my eyes and gritted my teeth. My fingers were getting numb. I could feel the grip relaxing.

Then something struck me in the face—a bit of dirt from above. But the wind was blowing on shore. I opened my eyes.

Above me was a figure clinging to the improvised rope. Sally, clad only in her undergarments, was starting down.

I watched her, too fascinated and horrified to be able to shout to her to go back. Her plan wouldn't be any use. The clothing would tear or the knots would part as soon as she got half way down, and in falling she would only knock me from my precarious perch, so that we would hurtle to destruction together.

But, of course, she could never have climbed back, even if she had wanted to. I doubt if I could have done it, and I am lighter and in very good physical condition.

She descended slowly—her eyes were shut, I know—swinging in a dizzy circle. I hated to watch, and yet I couldn't turn my head away or shut my own eyes.

So I was looking when the knot between the dress and the coat began to slip. I tried to cry out, but the words never left my throat.

If Sally had been swinging the other way, if she had been on the out instead of the in beat of the pendulum, this narrative would not now be written. We would have been found together on the rocks below, squashed out of all semblance to anything but a newspaper mystery.

As it was she landed on the ledge just above me, landed, and scrambled around to where she could grab my shoulders. Just in time, too, because there wasn't another split drop of hang-on left in me. The nervous strain of seeing her fall had left me weak and slipping.

SHE got me up to where she was in some way. Neither of us had as much strength as we showed, but I understand that is always the way in the face of extreme danger.

Anyway, we stretched out side by side on that slim ledge of rock not much clothed, either of us, and wet through practically to our cosmic consciousnesses, panting and thankful, quite oblivious to the fact that the rain was pelting down on our unprotected skins.

I sat up first. My hands were raw and bleeding, but I wasn't really hurt much. Sally lay with her eyes closed. She had fainted, I guess. Anyway, she was clear out as far as any further exertion was concerned.

Her body was very white, as white as her face, but very lovely, too, and more graceful than any woman's has any right to be. She looked like some exquisite Greek statue that a whimsical sculptor had carved recumbent upon that barren rock. I hadn't realized before how beautiful she was physically. I didn't know that any older woman could be like that. There was something fadeless about her, something that you felt would never change.

I touched her to make sure that she was alive.

She opened her eyes and then shut them instantly.

"I'm afraid to look," she said. "It makes me so dizzy."

I laughed. I had to. She was so foolishly old time feminine.

"Weren't you dizzy when you were coming over the cliff?" I asked.

"Horribly."

"But you came anyway?"

"There wasn't anything else to do."

I thought that over for a minute. It was a ridiculous moment to employ in reorganizing one's outlook on life in general, but, after all, there was nothing else to do just for the time being, even though it was raining and blowing great guns.

I wondered if, had I been in her place, I would have risked my life to save the one person who stood between me and happiness, if I wouldn't have let her go.

"Why?" I asked out loud.

She evidently understood. Perhaps the same train of thought had been running through her own mind.

"Purely selfish, my dear," she answered. "I could never have been happy again if my happiness had been reached over your dead body."

SO we thus arrived at what appeared to be an armed understanding. But in my heart I knew it was something different from that. I honored her for pretending to treat me as a respected enemy, but I knew what she had done really, and on my altar there had now come to be two idols instead of one. In point of fact, she had stepped to a place in my worship higher than that which Nayland Taylor had occupied. I hadn't known that a woman could be so wonderful as she was. No wonder he had loved her.

Right there on that cliff ledge was where I grew up. Everything I have done since is because I had such a wonderful model to pattern after.

It was half an hour longer before Jack found us. He had been walking the cliffs wishing he and I were dead when he stumbled over the evidence that he had nearly gotten half of his wish. Sally's raincoat, knotted and wedged in a cleft in the rock, had first attracted his attention and then he had looked over at the startling vision of two very beautiful near mermaids resting on the rocks. Pardon me for including myself under the adjective, but one must be truthful, and my dress was so gluey that I might just as well have been dressed the way Sally was, which I've got to admit was shockingly interesting.

Jack is a nice boy, even if he is immature, and among the things he brought was plenty of clothing, which he dropped over to us first. After that he came down a rope himself and tied us in sling seats which he knows how to make and then had us pulled up by some men he had brought along to help.

Sally was more frightened going up safely than she had been coming down over the edge

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

of eternity, but she finally recovered enough to walk home, where we both went to bed to await the coming of pneumonia or any other little penalty that might result from being out without our rubbers.

But neither of us got anything. I came out of it the next morning stiff and sore, but otherwise physically fit.

And Sally had gone to New York by the morning train. Something had come up for her in the line of business, she told mother. I presume she lied, but who wouldn't? She left word for me to come and visit her some time soon "to discuss teething rattles." Mother thought she meant because I was so young, but I didn't.

But I'm not going to see her ever—at least I hope not—or him. Just to write those words takes something out of me, inside, that leaves me just sick.

I sent letters to both of them yesterday. In the note to Nayland I said simply that I would meet him at the Plaza at one, but in the one to Mrs. Williams I asked her to come to the same place prepared to take back a teething rattle from one who had just determined to become an old maid.

IT'S one o'clock now. Probably they have met each other by this time. I can imagine the look of pained happiness in Nayland's eyes when he sees her.

She has on her prettiest dress—an old one, but wonderfully hers and adorably feminine — and the lighting is kind to her, but she won't need that ever any more. He'll never see those lines in her face. I wouldn't, either, because I know her now.

"Sally," he's saying, "I did not——"

And she's interrupting him partly because he can't go on anyway.

"I know you weren't expecting to see me, and after I've told you how I happen to be here I'll go away."

But he won't let her go, of course. And they'll forget all about lunch. Perhaps they'll go for a taxi ride in the park to talk things over. Perhaps they'll speak of me at first for a few minutes, and then perhaps they'll forget and——

Darn it, I can't write when I'm crying.

You thought I was kidding when I said my heart was broken, but I wasn't. What do you think of that?

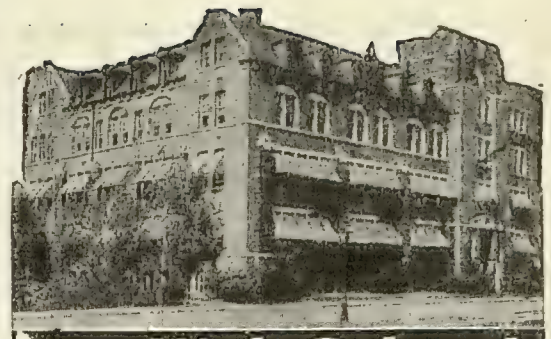
* * * * * *

JACK is outside whistling for me to go for a swim.

I don't want to go, but perhaps I had better.

I'll have to get used to an empty, lonely ocean some time.

THE END



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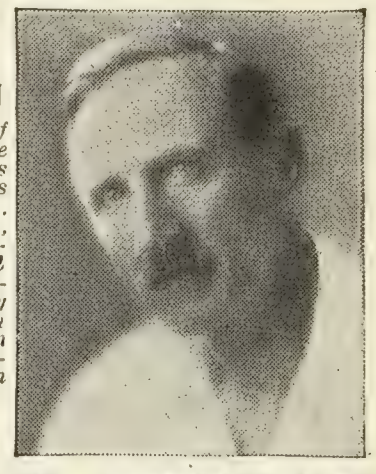
PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of Nerve Force and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.



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WHAT'S WRONG *with* Ggolf?

Is the Game a Boon to Tired Business Men and Busy Women, or Is It a Harmful Drain on Vital Energies? Here Is the Answer, Given by an Authority on Athletics and Health

By Dr. JAMES W. BARTON

Decorations by GUERNSEY MOORE

A PROMINENT minister became ill on the golf links the other day and died within a few hours. A prominent British statesman dropped dead on the links some months ago, making a total of seven golf victims within a very short time.

Is this golf business so strenuous that men are killed by it?

Is the simple walking from hole to hole, and the swinging of the light club such violent exercise that men should avoid it?

Does it not supply everything the confined man actually needs—fresh air and exercise?

Isn't it really an old man's game when you recall that Rockefeller and other men past seventy are playing it?

As a matter of fact, it is an old man's game in a sense, because men of eighty play; but the champions of the last few years are mostly men not long out of their teens.

Why is golf such a universal game?

Because, no matter how proficient you become, you can improve, and no matter how badly you do, you can do worse. The day after you do the course at par, you do it in ten strokes more. You see, you really gamble with your chances of a good score, and men are all gamblers at heart—more or less.

But is the game really hard on you from a physical standpoint?

That depends upon yourself. If you are a leisurely man or woman who takes the afternoon off for a game, does one-half the course, then rests, and takes a bite to eat, finishing or perhaps not finishing the nine other holes, then you are getting a lot out of golf.

But if you are of the other type, high strung, nervous, who rushes from the home or the office after having done a full day's work in a little more than half a day, then golf is another story. It can be a serious matter, an actual menace to your health; in fact, to your life. Why?

Well, first consider the actual physical work. There is a considerable shoulder, chest, abdomen, small of back, and arm work about it, with a great deal of work for the legs also. This latter, the fairly fast walk of the average golfer around the course in the open air, is really the biggest health factor—and danger factor also—of the game.

The huge thigh muscles which carry your body over the ground are doing a large amount of work. There is more bulk of muscle there than anywhere else in the body. These muscles are propelling one hundred and fifty pounds—more or less—over the ground. They are doing all this work in a regular, rhythmical manner, with a steady call upon the heart for an increased amount of blood to their huge bulk, and likewise a steady call on the lungs for air to purify the blood. Those vital organs—heart and lungs—are under considerable strain.

THERE is something more which is often overlooked: Nearly all the courses have some hills, some steep, and others easy of ascent. When you, in a half tired condition, climb these hills, still at a fair pace, you can scarcely realize the tremendous amount of work you have actually done with your body.

For instance, if you were to climb a hill of average height, and of average grade, your body would be lifting three to five tons forward and upward within the space of about half a minute. You are doing actual work just the same as if you were lifting that much iron or lead.

Do you wonder, then, that your heart beats fast and that your breathing seems so rapid and shallow? Are you surprised, then, that men and women past fifty sometimes wonder whether or not their hearts are affected by the game?

So this very walking and the climbing of the little grades is the key to the upbuilding or the downtearing of your heart. It is the heart which gives out and causes collapse and death. Too much work, actual work, is put upon it, and it fails. So much, then, for the physical exertion.

As for golf affording mental relaxation, I would say that golf is not the relaxation to thousands of players which it could be and which it is actually meant to be.

It is really another hard day's work, mental effort, in fact, piled on top of another day's work, done in about half a day.

What do I mean? Well, suppose you are a beginner at golf. You have taken some lessons from the professional, or from some patient friend. As you tee up your ball for your drive off you are remembering all the points given you. Just the right position of the feet from the ball and in line with it, the grasp of the hands on the club, the proper position of the body, particularly as to carriage and direction of shoulders, the position of the club over the shoulder, the bend of the knee, and so forth.

As you try to remember all this, I ask in all fairness, is there really any mental relaxation about it?

Similarly on the fairway, or in the difficult spots, and again, on the green, everywhere, in fact, there are numerous things you must remember, and naturally try to put into each individual stroke.

It is exactly like learning to dance or to do anything else, where your brain and body must work together. And even if you have played for some time you still find it necessary to remember all these things.

The point is that to the beginner, and to the golf enthusiast who still finds it necessary to remember all these little points at every stroke, golf is really just as much a mental as a physical effort. The result is that golf under these circumstances really becomes a most fatiguing proposition.

Why ?

THE explanation is that where the brain enters into an exercise fatigue always comes on more quickly. This mental effort actually changes the very structure of the brain substance and induces a tired feeling.

You remember you were very tired after first learning to dance or swim. There were so many things to remember as you performed the exercise. Yet it became so easy that later you did not find it necessary to remember any of the instructions, because you danced or swam automatically—naturally. It is so with golf.

You speak about the professional or good golfer as having such a "natural" swing. He appears to do things so smoothly and evenly. This is because he has learned to play golf just as you learned to dance or swim, and does it naturally or automatically. The brain doesn't need to enter into it, you see.

Unfortunately the average man, and the woman also, can devote only a certain amount of time to the game. This is my main argument, as it affects the average player. He hurries through his work at the office under full pressure, perhaps at a pressure of about one hundred and ten per cent, so he can get away as soon after lunch as possible. He bolts a light lunch and arrives at the golf course still at high pressure mentally.

He begins his game, using all the mental alertness he would use in his business or profession—no real let-up whatever.

You quite naturally ask, "Isn't a change as good as a rest?" The answer is in the negative because of the sustained mental effort involved.

If the player were an old oarsman or swimmer and were indulging in these pastimes the change to physical effort would be ideal. But, as I said above, the golfer takes his golf so seriously that there is no rest for body or brain. Both are working to and beyond their limit.

If golf is such a severe physical and mental strain, it is really not of benefit but is actually harmful to the individual, you say.

My answer is an emphatic "No!" Golf is really one of the greatest health games in the world, a tremendous boon to those who need it most—our busy men and women—if it be approached from the proper standpoint, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

good ordinary sense be exercised.

If on the day you are endeavoring to get away to the links you would just try to do the ordinary amount of work at the office or home, would then eat a substantial lunch with a little meat or eggs—or, if a vegetarian, an extra amount of peas or beans—you would arrive at the course mentally fit because there has been no hurried mental effort, and physically fit because you are well sustained by substantial food.

Then, if you are a beginner or still have to think of every motion necessary for each stroke, remember what has been said above, and take a complete rest after every three holes.

Remember, you have really done about six times as much work as the experienced golfer, because your brain and body have both been working. If you have played golf for a year or two, try to relax as much as possible in mind and body. Don't let the thought of a small score keep you tensed up too much.

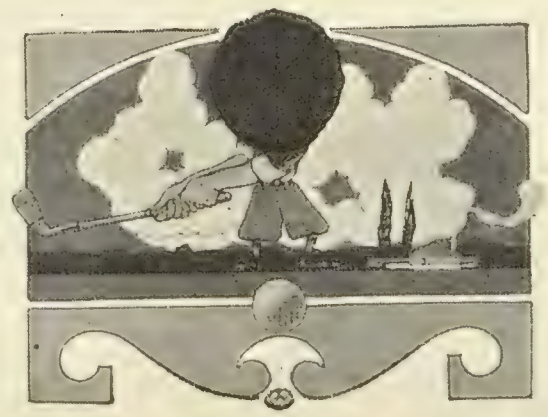
I saw a good, courageous boy try to box against Pancho Villa, the world's champion flyweight, recently. He tried to remember so much, and kept so alert, that his body was tensed during the three rounds he lasted before he was knocked out. This tenseness completely exhausted him. Villa tensed only when he was delivering or guarding a blow. So take your golf easy, and don't get wrought up.

AND if you are past fifty, should you stop playing golf? Not by any means. Remember, however, that even if you are a golfer along in years there is considerable work in the walking and climbing. No brain work, perhaps, but hard physical exertion.

Get out just as often as you can, because there is nothing like fresh air and exercise to prolong your life, but remember you are on the second half of life's journey and it is not progress you are after so much as it is the prevention of decay in that body of yours.

So play on at your golf. It will pay you large returns in strengthening heart, lungs, and clearing the brain. It can be injurious only when you fail to use ordinary common sense in pursuing the game.

THE END



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given as prizes in its recent Composite Dog Contest. A similar list was printed last week giving the names of the first 166 successful contestants. This week's list contains the names of 210 other persons, each of whom was given a dog. If you entered the contest and your name ISN'T printed below,

WATCH FOR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Where names of the remaining prize winners, as well as the key to the contest, will appear

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Doyle, H. C......1555 Washington St., Denver, Colo.
Simons, Frank R......Box 255, Jonesboro, Ind.
Welch, Hal E......618 N. Elm St., Guthrie, Okla.
Kaas, Anna M......2446 Dalena St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Hayes, Geo. M......181 E. 150th St., Harvey, Ill.
Droege, C. B......1330 Greenup St., Covington, Ky.
King, Hal Thompson.....2025 Fifth Ave., Bay City, Mich.
Snelling, Dale M......5610 Holmes St., Kansas City, Mo.
Robertson, Lucius P., Jr......
.....716 W. Washington St., Petersburg, Va.
Gresham, A. E......3311 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Haymaker, Mrs. W. O., P. O. Box No. 44, Winona Lake, Ind.
Bearrows, G. D......3128 Central, Kansas City, Mo.
Bersch, Annabel.....219 21st St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Heindel, F. H......100 W. Cedar St., Denver, Colo.
Stewart, Miss Annabelle..2312 Andrews Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Harvey, Harold D......108 Sylvester St., Rochester, N. Y.
Whitford, L. C......Winfield, Iowa
Thus, H. Martin.....7th and Mayfield, Philadelphia, Pa.
Levy, Mrs. Rose.....280 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bassett, Kathryn E......Goodland, Ind.
Fraker, Lloyd L......Care Mid-
west Oil Co., 610 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo.
Chew, C. F......527 Wayne Ave., Waynesboro, Va.
Dilts, Raymond H......206 Jackson St., Trenton, N. J.
Scheunnemann, Wm......1076 25th Ave, Milwaukee, Wis.
McElroy, Louis.....2711 S. Dannock St., Denver, Colo.
Blanchard, B......Box 33, Mill Valley, Cal.
La Due, Harry Jay.....St. Peter, Minn.
Jones, Edna.....1330 E. Brooks St., Galesburg, Ill.
Anderson, Ruby L......1054 Diversey Parkway, Chicago
Erdlitz, Richard J......
....21 Cass Ave., Ford Addition, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Cooper, Jean.....902 S. Warren Ave., Saginaw, Mich.
Monroe, Thomas D.....210 S. Elm St., Columbia City, Ind.
Werner, Eunice C......109 Forster Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Loomis, A. W......339 S. Terrace St., Muskegon, Mich.
Templeman, R. S......Bethany, Mo.
Patterson, E. Davis.....552 N. 7th St., Newark, N. J.
Browning, Laura R...3601 McKinley Ave., El Paso, Texas
Martin, R. Henry.....
.....163 Heumewell St., Needham Heights, Mass
Kleiner, John L...... P. O. Box 384, Gallup, N. Mex.
Ruehling, E. C.....Rear 312 N. Lincoln Ave., Scranton, Pa.
Berg, Peter L......216 Le Moyne St., Oak Park, Ill.
Cummings, Zora S......2257 Scottwood St., Toledo, Ohio
Deering, Wilbert.....4141 N. Long Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WATCH NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

FOR THE FINAL LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS AND KEY TO THE CONTEST!

BEHOLD AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BATHING GIRLS!

HERE are the six, chosen by contests the country over, who thrilled Atlantic City recently, where they appeared in the recent competition to select America's most beautiful mermaid for 1924. From left to right they are: Miss Ruth Malcolmson of Philadelphia, who won the supreme honor; Miss Beatrice Roberts of New York; Miss Katherine Campbell of Columbus, Ohio, winner in 1923 and 1922; Miss Faye Lamphier of northern California; Miss Margaret Leigh of Chicago; and Miss Lillian Knight of Los Angeles.

Copyright Atlantic Photo Service.

OUR NEW QUEEN OF THE GOLF LINKS—Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd of Philadelphia, who won this year's Women's National Championship tournament in decisive fashion. Those who followed sports a decade or more ago will recollect Mrs. Hurd as the Dorothy Campbell who hung up a world's record by winning the Scotch, English, American, and Canadian championships—something no other woman ever has done. Her British triumph was in 1909. Scotch honors fell to her in 1905, 1906, and 1908, the American title in 1909 and 1910, and the Canadian from 1910 to 1912 inclusive.

Wide World Photo.

BOYS-earn money!

FIFTH OF A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING LIBERTY'S NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF BOY SALESMEN

A. LASKY, proprietor, Decatur News Agency, Decatur, Illinois, and a few of his Liberty Boy Salesmen.

MAIL this Coupon! for Particulars

Liberty

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Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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Thousands of Boys Everywhere Earn Money Every Week Selling Liberty Magazine. We Have Openings for More Boys Now. Send Coupon for Particulars.

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Throughout the country you will find this great organization of enterprising Boy Salesmen selling Liberty and earning money regularly every week.

Right now we have openings for more boys. No matter where you live—big city or small town—there is a chance for you. Send coupon below and find out all about it.

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You can give as much time to the work as you want. You can work full time or just after school and on Saturdays. You can work without interfering with school or play.

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You will like the work because it is so easy. No experience is necessary. Liberty Boys work under a trained supervisor who teaches them. Full instructions and Carrier Bags are furnished without charge.

Liberty Magazine is a great seller. Nearly everybody wants to read it regularly. Once you get a new reader started he or she will buy a copy from you every week. It contains the finest fiction—short stories and serials by the greatest writers, Special Articles, Pictures, Fashions, Patterns, Fun—a live magazine that appeals to everybody.

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In addition to the money you earn, we offer you valuable prizes free as a bonus for sales effort. Prizes like Bicycles, Football, Baseball, and Basketball Outfits, Tennis Rackets, Fishing Tackle, Watches, Radios, and many other things that boys like are given free.

Earn money! Here is your chance. Make yourself independent and always have money in your pocket. Become a member of this big nation-wide organization of Liberty Boy Salesmen. Send coupon at once and get the full particulars.

Luck *Doesn't Make* Millions

Bernard M. Baruch, One of the Most Successful Figures Wall Street Has Ever Produced, Insists There Is Nothing Mysterious in His Success. He Doesn't Believe in Luck, and He Says He Has Never Gambled

An Interview

By SEAMUS DILLON

Pictures by HANSON BOOTH

Wall Street—looking toward Broadway and Trinity Church

YOU can hear it almost any morning on the 8:15. The smoking car is usually productive of much of it. A trainful of commuters on their way to the office or whatever destination it may be that provides food and shelter for the family.

"Good morning. Beautiful day. How's business?"

In the majority of cases the answers run thus:

"Good morning. Yes, fine weather. O, fair."

But there are pretty sure to be a few who, after returning the "Good morning" and agreeing that the climate is salubrious or otherwise, will set forth their economic health after the following manner:

"O, pretty good; but there's no real money in contracting. I was saying that to the boss only yesterday. No; if a man wants to make his pile and make his brains work for him alone without selling his stuff for a salary he'll go into Wall Street. Three or four times I've been on the verge of making mine in the market, but luck was against me at the last turn. Was going big until along toward the end when the market turned sour on me.

"That's the trouble with a fellow trying to do two things at once. You have to devote all your time to the market if you're going to play it for big money. Now, I had a hunch which, if I had played it and not listened to others, would have——"

You've heard it?

Well, with the words of one of these yearners for snatched wealth still fresh in my ears I went to see Bernard M. Baruch.

"Just what chance has a man who, fired by stories of large returns in Wall Street and somewhat panicky because his contracting or mercantile job isn't carrying him along rapidly enough, turns his thoughts to Wall Street—really goes into Wall Street?" I asked Mr. Baruch. "This man, you know, is getting along to that time when he should be getting pretty well acquainted with success."

Baruch didn't make a direct reply. The question, he said, was too general.

"All right," I amended, "will you talk about speculation, about luck, about the things men call 'hunches'?"

"I'm not an authority on speculation," he replied. "I have never speculated in the sense you mean—in the sense in which the word is generally understood and applied.

"The trouble is that the accepted definition of speculation is the gambler's conception—to take a more or less blind chance. I've never done that."

"Well, what about luck in Wall Street?" he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache	Colds	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

was asked. "What about luck anywhere? Is the word 'luck' likewise perverted?"

"It is not only difficult but to me distasteful to make general replies to abstract questions," Mr. Baruch answered. "In fact, it can't be done. Look here, I haven't any arbitrary rules for success. In fact, I am not going to hold myself up or permit you to exhibit me as an example of a stuffed shirt successful man. I don't know whether I'm a successful man or not. Suppose you answer a question or two. What is success?"

Paying no attention to Mr. Baruch's plot to change positions with me, I heckled him with a few more questions along the same lines, only to find the man was quite sincerely convinced he was not fitted to fill the rôle of public adviser, that no appalling wisdom was to be found in him, and that the public was, or should be, pretty well fed up with epigrams from men who, having lived fifty or more satisfactory years, were inclined to throw themselves backward in their office chairs and platitudinously give the public the secret of their successes.

YOU know Baruch, of course. Perhaps in a very general way. Born of an old-fashioned mother who taught music and of a country doctor father in a village in South Carolina. Fought his way with strong fists and a stronger mind through the public schools of the West Side of New York City and on through the College of the City of New York, where tuition is free.

Went into Wall Street, and, after studying the sacred precepts of that vale of tears and cheers, decided that his own formula would suffice for his purposes, and then proceeded to prove it by playing a lone hand. And he won.

In a few of its aspects, his early career is the conventional story of the man who achieves satisfactory progress. I shy at the term "successful man," since Mr. Baruch insists that I define it. But it is the conventional story in that he started as one of Wall Street's disconcerting office boys at three dollars a week. He developed the spectacular after years, and when the United States entered the war against Germany he conceived for President Wilson the idea of the War Industries Board. Logically enough, Mr. Wilson decided that the man who could best administer the affairs of that body was Bernard M. Baruch.

"Rather than define speculation as the word appeals to me," said he, "let me illustrate. One considers buying the securities of an industrial establishment. What is the first thing to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Takes Off 41 Lbs. In Exactly 7 Weeks!

WALLACE

"I weighed just 129 today — by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170!" This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallace about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 Lbs. With Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter — then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow the method sounded sensible; the free demonstrations seemed fair; so I *started*.

"Fifteen minutes each evening. I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: *I lost 6½ lbs. the first week!*

"The second week I lost 8 lbs. more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

You Can Lose By the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else — no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own phonograph, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal, and healthful way of correcting the cause of *any amount* of overweight. And proof is *free*.

Just fill out the coupon—you've seen it before—but this time make it out and mail it! You'll receive the whole first week's lesson complete, record and all, for a full and free trial. Let the results decide whether you want it.

WALLACE (425)
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

be done? Speculate in the sense that, having what is called a 'tip,' you buy and sit by the ticker to await results? Blindly guess at what is going to happen?

"Now if one is to ponder that a moment, the answer will inevitably be 'No.' Genius is not required to appreciate that to do a thing of this sort requires little else than the gambler's nerve or desperation.

"Instead, one does best to call upon his experience and carefully study that particular industrial situation and the money market—whether financial inflation or deflation approaches; what technical or psychological conditions obtain. That done, experience should then advise one way or the other, to buy or not to buy. But he must find out these things, and (and this is most important) *if it is well and honestly managed.*

"One must consider: Is inflation setting in? Yes? Very well, then, one must buy staples—not bonds, but securities representing the ownership of these staples."

"Would you call that speculation?" I asked him.

"That, to my mind, is speculation in its true sense. Certainly it is not gambling."

"Well, far be it from me to quibble over the fine shades of definition of a word, but isn't virtually everything more or less of a gamble?" I asked.

"LOOK here, you've got me involved in a discussion which I, at least, am unwilling to continue. If I had anything which I honestly believed would be of public benefit to say, I'd be less reluctant. I'm not posing as an oracle. Any country merchant or head of a country bank can tell you precisely what I am telling. The thing is self-evident; incontrovertible.

"It must appeal to a man's reason that the accepted idea of speculation in stocks and bonds is opposed by every tenet by which a man makes sound and steady progress. But speculation in the sense that one considers every phase and active possibility of a subject or situation before relating himself to it is unavoidable. In this sense doesn't John D. Rockefeller, whom I regard as the greatest of all industrialists, speculate? And doesn't the proprietor of the general store at Bagdad Corners?

"Does the proprietor of that country store buy his stock blindly? Of course he doesn't. He knows from experience what his customers are most likely to want and how much."

BARUCH has what Thomas A. Edison calls "the source mind," a phrase self-explanatory; a mind which, conceiving or given a new thought or idea, traces the same back to its origin and adopts or discards it according to its value. It seems fair to lay to that quality almost all of his Wall Street and later successes. Wall Street called Baruch "daring! spectacular!" and the newspapers echoed Wall Street's estimate of him.

His activities were "daring" only in that they departed from Wall Street tradition. In other words, this young man from Camden, South Carolina, had the courage to obey the dictates of his own source mind rather than goose-step in the train of precedent.

The late James R. Keene saw in the Baruch career something more than brash effrontery and bull-boldness.

"Baruch spectacular?" said Keene. "Would I classify him with the parachute jumper? Not at all. He is merely one of the best posted persons in the financial district."

"Somewhere or other I've heard men speak of Baruch's luck," I said.

"I hope not," was his reply. "I'd hate to be the hero of the usual luck story. Believe in luck? Of course I do, in certain things. For example, I was lucky, if you *will* use that word, in being born the son of *my* parents. A man is lucky to be born in a cultured or high-minded atmosphere where clean ideals prevail. A man is lucky to be born with a capacity for work and to be taught that he is false to his trust if he does not utilize that capacity.

"As for luck in business—again I must define by illustration: A man makes a decision to do this or that. There is in it that which obtains in all life—the chance that it will not fulfill expectations; the chance that it will not materialize in the slightest degree. But he makes his decision and acts. He is triumphant. Is that luck? By no means. He has considered well. He has decided after speculation.

"Yet another man, hearing of his results, will call it *luck.* It might even be that he has acted quickly and the result was gratifying. Perhaps he had to act speedily—instantly."

"Would you say that he had a hunch?" I asked.

"A hunch is, in almost every instance, a subconscious urging based upon stored away experience, old, tried knowledge, tested facts and a man's ability to decide. If a man thinks carefully he will admit that a hunch is not some mysterious thing which stops floating aimlessly through the air to perch for the moment upon his shoulder. He may not stop to analyze it, but if he does he will tell you it is something suggested to him by his subconscious mind and born of experience.

"Think of this! How does the great physician know almost by looking at a man whether that man is sick or not? That is *his* hunch. He takes the man's temperature; his blood pressure. Then he speculates as to the cause of the condition and the remedy. So with the lawyer and the engineer. If they get their facts right and then speculate along sane, logical lines they get the correct answer."

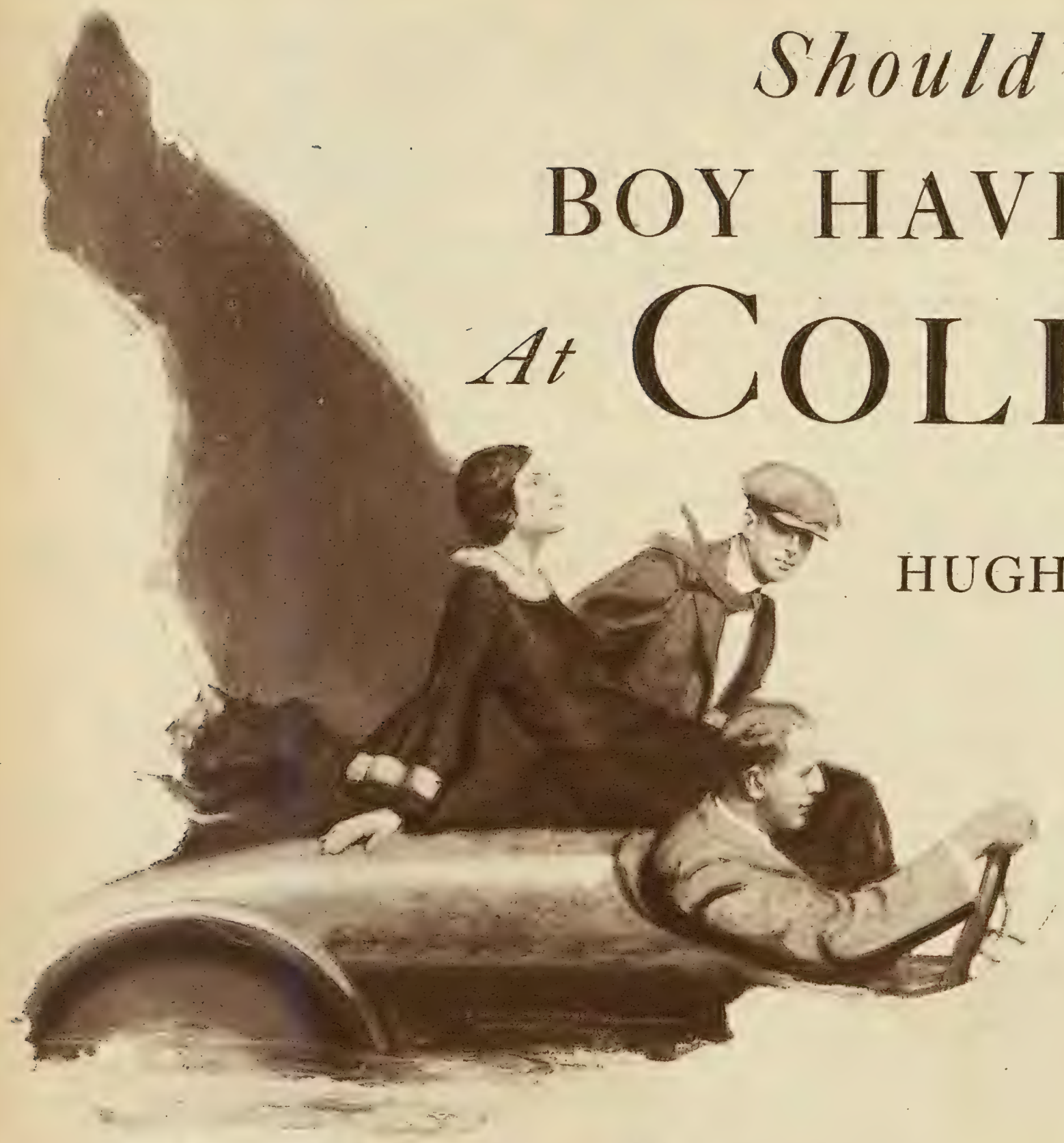
MR. BARUCH is no longer in Wall Street. He ceased to be an operator when he went to Washington in January, 1917, to become the head of the War Industries Board. He not only severed his Wall Street connections then, but moved out. He retired as one retires from business. He is only fifty-two and is probably better equipped than ever to make a startling success of that which was so mysteriously referred to as "Baruch's System," but which, taking him at his word, seems to have lacked mystery.

To apply himself in minding his own business is consequently difficult. He is continually beset by a thousand and one persons who seek him in everything from advice on the market to financing political campaigns.

His is a splendid physique and for this he admits a great debt to his parents. Six feet four and one-half inches tall, he is perfectly willing to subject himself to any physical test which has it in view to designate the most powerful and enduring man of his years.

This is Bernard M. Baruch.

THE END



Should Your BOY HAVE A CAR *At* COLLEGE?

By
HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

Do Gasoline and Books Mix Well? Our Leading Universities Have a Startling Answer That Every Parent Should Read

AUTOMOBILES AND WEEK-END PARTIES
vs.
EDUCATION

SUPREME COURT of American Universities, Plaintiffs: All College Presidents and Faculties.

THREE to five per cent of each class in college flunks. The percentage of flunks is increasing rapidly, reaching as high as twelve per cent a year in some universities which are engaged in putting the screws on the students to curb the modern tendency of boys to go to college merely to go to college, rather than to get an education.

A study of the students who flunked reveals the startling fact that more than fifty per cent of the class of college students known as "week-enders" flunk, and that an even greater percentage of students who operate automobiles while in college, likewise flunk.

Eleven of America's big universities have taken active measures to forbid or to discourage the possession of automobiles by undergraduates, and practically every faculty in the country is in active opposition to student ownership of cars or possession of them while in college.

In the face of this fact, and in the face of requests, warnings, and commands, the increase of cars among students has continued. Faculties fully able to control and to forbid student use of automobiles or to restrict that use to those able to show good reason for possessing cars, have found themselves unable to control parents who thoughtlessly provide cars for their sons.

Incomplete statistics prove that seventeen college men and girls were killed in the eastern section of the United States last year and that more than fifty were injured in college joy rides, and that more than half of these accidents happened during commencement week at the various colleges. The deaths of three athletic stars in such accidents added to the publicity and to the protests against student use of cars.

Danger of death and of serious accidents, however, is not the principal cause of opposition among college authorities to the student operation of cars. Their marked objection arises from the charge that automobiles and week-end parties are the greatest foes to education in the United States and that they exert a far-reaching and demoralizing influence not only upon the owners and operators of cars but upon the student circle around them, and sometimes the entire student body.

As a destroyer of the democratic spirit which university education is designed to cultivate the automobile is declared to be the worst influence, except the week-end custom, in college life.

But the danger of fatal accident appears to be aggravated in direct ratio to the number of students and girls in cars. Princeton had three serious accidents in succession before the university curbed the car evil. Northwestern University suffered a serious scandal when students, running wild in a car during a class war, were charged with purposely causing a collision which resulted in one death. Michigan, Notre Dame, and Illinois all suffered from serious accidents in a short time.

One disgusted Princeton boy, prior to faculty action, remarked:

"It isn't enough to own a car; to be in with the fast gang a fellow has to have a car, a coonskin coat, and a police dog to ride with him."

The week-end, as understood in colleges, especially those near large cities, means slipping away from school Saturday at noon and returning Monday morning after a round of parties or shows—or other amusements. The fact that, in their eagerness to join gay parties, the students frequently "cut" Saturday morning, often Friday afternoon, and many times Monday morning lectures and classes and neglect their research work over Sunday is revealed by statistics.

In Princeton, where last February the record for "flunks" was broken in both the junior and sophomore classes, the large majority of those dropped out of college were "week-enders." In Yale the record of flunks and "probationers" consists largely of the names of the boys who made weekly trips to New York or Boston.

At Ann Arbor the Michigan boys have a saying that the ticket agent who sells tickets to Detroit can tell three months before the faculty can who will be flunked out of school.

In Dartmouth, if you ask why a promising young man was dropped and why he failed

in his studies, the wise boys simply gaze at you and say, "White River Junction."

The efforts of college authorities to curb the use of automobiles among students have met with only partial success. Both Yale and Harvard have frowned upon the auto; Princeton has sent letters to parents of boys operating cars asking them to coöperate with the university in supressing the evil; Ohio State, through both faculty and student council, has fought the ownership of cars among students; the University of Michigan, having suffered through several accidents, limited the use of cars to those compelled to use them.

Penn State College, perhaps, has gone further than any of the other institutions in suppressing the use of automobiles by the student body. The discovery that more than one hundred students owned or operated cars led to drastic action on the part of the college in forbidding students to own cars unless absolutely necessary, and that with the sanction of the faculty.

Not only do the faculties of the colleges discourage the ownership of cars by students but the student councils in almost every school, realizing the effect of cars in creating class feeling, have supported the faculty against the car owners.

"The two biggest problems in college life today," remarked Professor Christian Gauss, in charge of public relations for Princeton University, "are the week-end habit and the automobile, and usually they are related. They are destroying one of the chief beauties and benefits of university life, in scattering the interest of the students. The percentage of failures among the week-end boys and the car owners is far greater than among those who concentrate interest upon university life and avoid distractions.

"The week-end habit is growing, and growing upon those who indulge in it. The habit of running away Saturday noon to remain until Monday morning soon becomes a habit of starting Friday and getting back Monday noon.

"Princeton is opposed vigorously to ownership or possession of cars by students, not so much from the very real danger of permitting young people to drive as from the effect on interest in work. The actual ownership or possession of cars is not serious in Princeton. Thirty-nine, I believe, is the largest number we ever have known of being in the possession of students. The big problem arises from parents who drive down to visit students and turn their cars over to them for use during their visits. This is hard to restrict and offers a demoralizing influence on students."

THE extent to which demoralizing influences are interfering with education is not generally understood by parents. The majority of you parents with boys in college perhaps will be indignant to think that your boy cannot have a car or use one to take his friends out riding.

In Princeton during commencement week more than two thousand strange cars were in town, most of them owned by friends or relatives of the students and the roads for fifty miles around were thronged with college boys and their girl friends, most of the cars crowded with laughing, screaming groups. In New Haven during "prom" week there are even more cars and greater crowds.

It was estimated that, at one Ohio State-Michigan football game, more than fifteen hundred cars made the run from Ann Arbor to Columbus. Numerous accidents, two big riots at road houses, and two serious injuries were reported. At one road house a crowd of students engaged in battle with the employes. Few of the cars were owned by students but were rented or borrowed and painted maize and blue for the occasion.

The combination of college boy, car, and visiting "prom" girl is the greatest incentive to speed in the college curriculums, regardless of whether it is East or West, and, according to the best evidence available, the girls are the chief cause of speeding and of speeding accidents.

There is a state policeman who patrols the Lincoln Highway between Princeton and New Brunswick, a sixteen mile strip of smooth concrete, who is a philosopher and a thinker. I stopped to talk with him at a bridge and mentioned student automobile drivers.

"I can tell by seeing the occupants of a car when it passes me just about what is going to happen," he said. "I notice the boys driving. Most of them are good drivers, and rather careful. When they bring their parents to college they do about twenty miles an hour, take the corners easily and observe all the rules of the road. When the boys are alone they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The combination of college boy, car, and visiting "prom" girl is the greatest incentive to speed in the college curriculums.

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

hit a little greater speed, but still are careful. Put half a dozen fellows in one car, and the demand for speed increases somewhat. There always is some idiot in such a load who keeps yelling for speed.

"But the minute a young fellow gets a bunch of his girl friends in a car—look out. The flappers that come down to the football games and the dances can't get enough speed out of a car and the boys usually like to show off and pretend they like to do seventy miles an hour. Once in a while we get a smart fellow who thinks he can go fast enough to scare the girls.

"It is at its worst during commencement week when the number of cars driven by students increases suddenly and the number of girls increases half a dozen times over. Do they speed? Well, De Resta, the auto racer, came out here to practice for an auto race once and he finished eighth."

The sign of promise in the majority of colleges is that student sentiment, especially in the senior councils, is sternly against the ownership of cars by students. They do not stress the danger of accident or the joy riding, but oppose the auto on the grounds that ownership of a car is inimicable to the best interests of the student body in that it tends to destroy the democracy of education.

"The fact is," said a prominent Princeton faculty member, "that American colleges must return nearer to their earlier standards and dispense with influences which distract the mind from college activities. Thirty years ago more than eighty per cent of college men went into the professions. Nobody, practically, went to college unless to prepare himself for specific work. They went to work and learned, and outside distractions were not permitted to interfere. College life was a thing sufficient of itself, and the result was a closer cementing together of students, a closer and finer relationship that led to higher things.

"Now not forty per cent of the graduates enter the professions. Men go to college merely to go to college. They want the associations and the name of the college to aid them in business. They care little or nothing for classical education. A large percentage of them cannot explain why they go to college.

"Conditions have compelled the recent changes in educational methods in many universities. The movement is more and more toward throwing the student on his own responsibility, and to compel him to work or to get out.

"Putting it briefly and perhaps brutally, we are determined to give the students their choice between autos and studies — and to shake the loafers out or let them force themselves out."

THE END

I Am Clean

One reason for my beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

This is to the millions of women who wish to know how I have kept my youth and beauty after 35 years as a stage star. And how at a grandmother's age I manage to look like a girl.

Edna Wallace Hopper
Photo 1923

One thing is this: I never use soap and water on my face. Soap removes just the surface dirt, and that has nothing to do with the skin.

Lucie Lantelme, the famous Parisian beauty told me how she kept her skin so absolutely clean. Then I went to her experts and secured the same method.

Since then the method has come into world-wide use, but only through beauty experts. The results were so marvelous that all of them charged high prices for the product. Some charged $3, some $5, for the formula, so only the few know how much it can do.

Now I am placing this formula at every woman's call. I have named it my Facial Youth. It contains no animal, no vegetable fats, so the skin cannot absorb it. It simply penetrates the pores to the depths, then departs. All the grime, all the dead skin and clogging matter come out with it.

Edna Wallace Hopper
Photo 1923

Wash your face in the best way you know, then apply my Facial Youth. You will be amazed at the extra grime and clogging matter which come out with it.

This is the first step in fine complexions—an absolutely clean skin. This method is the only way to get it. Once you know what it means you will never go without it.

I have placed this formula with all druggists, all toilet counters. The price is 75c despite the fact that others charge ten times as much.

You need my Facial Youth. It is impossible, they tell me, to look your best without it. It is the only facial cleanser which really cleans. Men find it delightful for use after shaving. Ask your men friends to try it.

Write me for my Beauty Book and I'll send with it something else to please you. Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

AUTUMN EVENINGS STRIKE A VEIN OF GOLD

by Corinne Lowe

The first model emphasizes the flare of its tunic by embroidery in jade and green, and the Chinese coloring is sustained by a border of deep blue. This model of black satin is further distinguished by narrow panels of self-material. Next, a lace in violet blue posed over silver cloth indicates our present vogue for massing all fullness at the front of the skirt. In similar mood is the frock of gold lame with its long corsage, covered back and front by squares outlined in matching beads, and its skirt border of golden brown fur. Last a black satin model is traversed by bands of coral and silver brocade and completed by wide side-panels of black chiffon. A coral colored boa contributes the final touch.

WE ALL recall the tale of King Midas, whose touch turned everything to gold. Well, from a glance at the autumn modes, it would seem as if the present-day designer had inherited some of his magic touch. For every type of apparel is apt to glint with metallic fabric or embroidery.

Here are a few of these minor details: Felt hats are decked often with an ornament of gold or silver and from some of the elaborate velvet or panne models designed for afternoon hang long veils of glittering mesh; little frocks and afternoon gowns of black satin or of the fashionable black Ottoman often strike gold in their ornamentation; golden lames are used in combination with velvet for many a sumptuous afternoon frock or gown, and everywhere we encounter the use of gold buttons.

But it is in the evening that the real gold rush begins. Many of the most elaborate sheath frocks are composed of gold lame or else a rich tracery of the metallic thread stands out from the background of velvet, chiffon, or satin. As to the evening coats and capes, these are indeed fit for a fairy princess, for they are often created entirely of frosty golden fabric.

Aside from the metallic issue, we find in the evening gowns of this fall much concentration upon pelts. Not only are such classics as chinchilla, ermine, and sable employed, but many novelty furs have made their appearance.

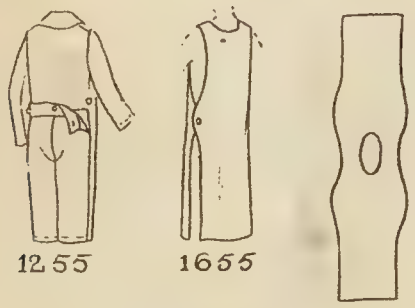
Embroidery is another insistent note, and if it is not in metallic effect, it is likely to borrow both design and coloring from China or some other point east. As an example of this latter treatment, I point to the left hand model. Here is an evening frock adapted from a model of Lanvin's, and it shows on its black satin tunic a design in jade and green. Furthermore, the tunic is bordered in blue.

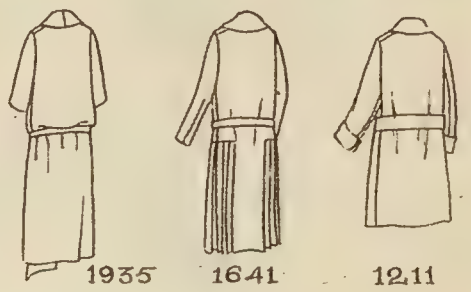
Aside from this trimming touch, the model is instructive as to certain salient characteristics of today's fashion. You see, we still have the straight line, but we have it in a repentant mood. The flare is the accepted form of atonement, and this is developed in three ways. The sheath gown often develops a flare at the hem; the tunic, as is here the case, thrusts outward at its border, and, last, the long corsage terminates in a skirt with some surplus of material in the front.

Only in the front, mind you! Nearly always sides and back preserve the familiar fitted effect. The result of this treatment may be observed in the two central models. The first of these, a violet-blue lace, is draped over silver cloth. The second is a gold lame with the entire corsage beaded in tiny matching beads, and the skirt bordered in a reddish gold pelt.

As to beads, these come out every evening as regularly as the stars. Rhinestones also accept all their former responsibility for trimming. Marabou and clipped ostrich are a third detail held over from previous seasons. Nor must one overlook the increased vogue of fringe, not only of feathery origin, but also interpreted in beads and semi-precious jewels.

EASY STYLES FOR THE AMATEUR NEEDLE





By PATRICIA

THE crispness of autumn days puts new life in us and a desire — which probably lay dormant during the warmer months —to sew.

Perhaps little brother or sister needs a new nightie or two. Here's a splendid pattern cut for comfort and a good night's rest. It is buttoned down the front and is made with a drop seat. For the cold nights to come No. 1255 would be most practical made of flannel. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

Making an apron from pattern No. 1655 is a "cinch." You cut it out and when it is opened it looks like the accompanying diagram—you see that it's all in one piece. Then all you have to do is sew a wash braid or binding around the edges and your apron is finished! The pattern comes in one size and requires 2¾ yards of 27 inch material with 9 yards of trimming.

The surplice line is more popular than ever this season, having even been sponsored for evening wear by Callot, the great French designer. No. 1935 is a delightful version of the surplice mode for daytime wear. It would be lovely developed in poplin, a very fine twill, kasha cloth, one of the new ribbed silks, silk crêpe or satin. The pattern for style No. 1935 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, 2⅜ yards of 54 inch material with 1¼ yards of 36 inch contrasting are required. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 729, which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

A small man will find the lines of this topcoat, No. 1211, quite to his liking. It's a coat just like the "other fellers'." Knowing that a man, however young, never wishes to look different from the rest of the crowd, this feature is certain to appeal. Of course, Mother will be interested to know it's easy to make—just as few seams as possible. Wool coatings, tweed, all wool cassimere, worsted chinchilla, and melton are suitable materials for an overcoat like this, the patterns for which cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8 year size, 1⅝ yards of 54 inch material are required.

The vogue for plaits is exploited in this good looking style, No. 1641, the patterns for which cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust measure. You'll like it in a hairline striped woolen material, a fine twill, kasha cloth, or poplin for general wear. In the 36 inch size, 3¾ yards of 44 inch material with ⅝ yard 32 inch contrasting are required.

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Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

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THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

(Each of Whom Will Receive $100)

Saving Susie Shaw saws shingles and saves shavings; shy sister Sadie Shaw sells sawed shingles and saved shavings, saving Susie Shaw saves.—John McGoldrick, 1789 Amsterdam Ave., New York City.

Fresh, fleshy, flying fish fast flash past flatfish fleets.—Winifred B. Jones, 414 N. Monterey St., Alhambra, Calif.

Herr Hurd hurt his head as he herded his herd. Herr Hurd's heir, airing her hair, heard Herr Hurd err ere Herr Hurd heard her.—William W. Pratt, 100 Station St., Punxsutawney, Pa.

Black baked blocks, boxed in black block boxes, blocked Black's block of boxed black backed blocks.—E. C. Dodds, 1130 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

Peggy's pet pedigreed Pekingese pups peeked peevishly, pending Peggy's peeling peasant peddler Peter Pear's peaches.—John Brodie, 624 Cleveland Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Tricky Tipsy Topsy's trick tip top tripped Tim's tiny trim tin top.—Mrs. C. H. Orebaugh, Orebaugh Drug Co., Green Forest, Ark.

If a weary witch wished a weird wish with a withered wizard's whip, where is the withered wizard's whip with which the weary witch wished?—Edward Teiber, 703 Boatmen's Bank Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Fritz Fisk frisked Fritz Flech fetching fresh fried fish fresh from Frisco.—J. M. Williams, 905 N. Ninth St., Atchison, Kas.

The two thrifty trappers tripped the three tough thugs though the three tough thugs tried to throttle the two thrifty trappers' throats. — Lou Gardner, 1704 Meldrum Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sly Tige shied, shy Lyde sighed when Tige tried to swipe Lyde's tribe's fried tripe.—Fern E. Crandall, 711 North Ave., 53, Los Angeles, Calif.

LIMERICKS!

Liberty is paying $5.00 a week for the best line which someone writes to complete the Limerick which is printed on this page.

Here's This Week's Limerick:

A lion went hunting one day
Where zebras and antelopes play;
But a vigilant deer
Saw the lion draw near—

. . . . . .

You don't have to use the form printed above. Any sheet of paper will do, if you copy the first four lines and add your last line. The best line will be awarded the prize of $5.00.

Evidently our readers like to write Limericks. Out of a flood of last lines submitted to complete the Limerick we published on September 6, E. C. Albert, 3111 Clay Ave., St. Louis, Mo., received the prize. The Limerick he completed reads as follows, the prize winning line being in italics:

They were spooning atop of a bus,
Sweet Mary and big, bashful Gus;
He whispered, "My dear,
Please lend me your ear,
So no one can tune in on us."

Write a line to finish this week's Limerick and send it to LIMERICKS, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

Next Week!

A NEW ANNOUNCEMENT OF BIG CASH PRIZES FOR FOLKS WHO LIKE CONTESTS!

Almond Roca

---created, NOT just made

If any confection for you will do, Almond Roca isn't for you! It is a confection created—NOT just made! It is for those who would search the by-ways for the unusual and travel the highways to obtain it. It comes of neither the chocolate nor hard candy family. We, however, shan't prove ourselves insipid by attempting its description. For a dollar and a half, you may obtain a package; and, if you don't declare it the most wonderful confection you ever tasted, mail us the empty package and we'll mail you back your money. East of the Rockies (our distribution isn't yet complete) you may not readily find it. If so, address us direct, including your dealer's name, and we shall supply the first package post paid and fill future orders through him * * * * * *

BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Wash.

Almond Roca

"An Extraordinary Confection"

Corns

Lift Off–No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

If a WHISTLER—*Read This!*

By CHARLES W. LOBDELL

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

Here Is a Famous Scientist Who Says Whistling Is an Indication of NOBODY HOME!

WHISTLING is a symptom indicating that the air is rushing through the lips, creating a vacuum in the brain. During the time these beings are silent the air is gradually crowding into the space filled with brains in other persons, and when this space reaches its capacity the air is forced out in the form of noise, to irritate and annoy persons having brain filled craniums.

Sir Roger Dyche, an eminent British scientist, recently made a study of whistling which reveals some interesting facts regarding the different kinds of whistling and what mental processes they follow. He admits that the whistler may possess intelligence, but that whatever brain he may have is not functioning at the time.

The chronic whistler is differentiated from the occasional. In fact, Sir Roger in his study of the mentality of whistlers has discovered five distinct types of whistling—all indicative of different mental conditions.

The chronic whistler he passes up. His scientific analysis shows the habitual whistler has a sort of slow leak in his brain convolutions.

The whistle of boyhood, however, is a normal expression of a carefree mind.

In this same class Sir Roger lists the whistle of adults on the first bright, warm day of spring. He has discovered that, after a hard winter, trying on human beings both physically and mentally, the first bright, warm day of spring starts everyone whistling unconsciously. It is reversion to the boyhood whistle of sheer joy, rejoicing without brain effort.

Among the other normal whistles Sir Roger places the whistle of surprise—the long drawn out, soft "Whew!" which follows a sudden shock of surprise or astonishment. That whistle is the result of the quick stoppage of brain action through shock.

According to Sir Roger, whistling is marked in two large classes of human beings—the lazy and the cheerful moron.

LAZY people, Sir Roger finds, always whistle and can be detected by the notes they sound; the alleged "music" they make being slow and drawling. The listless half-wit, too shallow brained to be troubled, furnishes the "merry" whistling notes.

Sir Roger denies utterly that there can be a "thoughtful whistle." He admits that thoughtful men may make low whistling sounds, but he contends that it shows that brains, usually active, are dormant and that these men whistle only when trying to start their brains to work again.

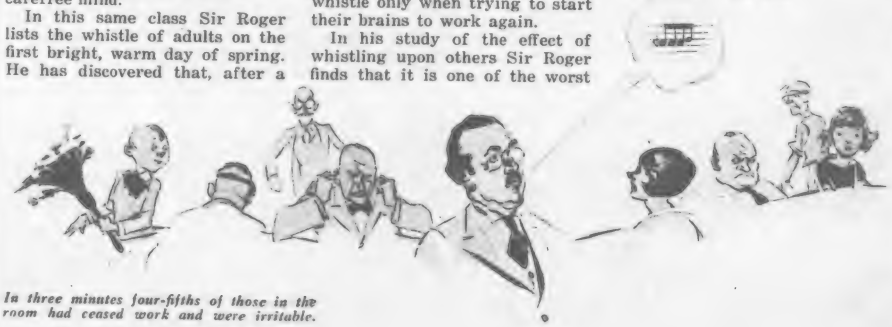
In his study of the effect of whistling upon others Sir Roger finds that it is one of the worst forms of irritant upon hearers who have brains and who are trying to think.

In his experiments Sir Roger seated himself in an office in which forty men and women were busy and began to whistle low notes. In three minutes four-fifths of those in the room had stopped work and had become irritable and quarrelsome and unable to resume their tasks. In five minutes all save two of the workers were visibly affected by the whistling.

The test was repeated three times, each time with the same result. A tabulation of the results showed that the two most brilliant men in the office were most quickly affected; the two of lowest mentality were not affected except to show certain symptoms of vivacity.

In other experiments with groups Sir Roger divided the persons assembled by asking them to whistle, and placing them according to their ability in that direction. In every instance he found the "good" whistlers to be of the lowest order of intelligence and the nonwhistlers the highest in point of mentality.

THE END



In three minutes four-fifths of those in the room had ceased work and were irritable.

Then the white men heard his voice, the only sound in the silence of the tropical morning. "Well, George, here I am. Let's go."

The UMPS

By RICHARD CONNELL

Pictures by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

War Drums Throbbed; the South Sea Savages Shouted for a Human Sacrifice; Would the Yankee Consul Never Awake and Be a Man? This Is the Strangest Baseball Story You Have Ever Read

I.

EVERY town has one of them. How he attains his position is a mystery; possibly by a species of divine right. Nature seems to have fitted him for his peculiar work, for he is seldom good for anything else. In Rome he would have been called a "tyrant"; in Clinton City he is called an "empire."

In time he becomes a local tradition. No sporting event in the county is complete without him. The rules of etiquette would be shockingly fractured if any baseball game were to begin without having this unique personality, in a tight blue suit and a tighter cap, take a stubby whiskbroom from his hip pocket, dust off the home plate, and boom:

"Bat'ries for tuhday's game: for the Clinton City Hustlers, McGillicuddy and Spiegelmeyer; for the Greentown Sluggers, Bunorotti and Olsen. Pla-a-a-y ba-l-l-l-l-l!"

In the winter he referees occasional prize fights, wrestling matches, basketball games, and rests between his labors in Nolan's cigar store or Andy Bauer's barber shop, where he may be awakened and consulted at any time during his long office hours on intricate problems of sporting lore.

For its umpire Clinton City had Speck Rouse. At an early age he had waved aside temptations to become a merchant prince, an ambassador, or a justice of the the Supreme Court in order to devote himself to a life of umpiring. Before long trousers had set the mark of manhood on him he had stopped playing baseball, although he was a promising first baseman, in order to umpire.

Nature had richly endowed Speck Rouse for the rôle he had selected in the cosmic drama. He was a hill of a man, with a brow like a butte

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

and a chin like a boulder. Authority resounded in his voice, which rumbled up from his cavern of chest and made the war song of a bull seem a soprano solo in comparison. He had bushy, judicial eyebrows and a vast magisterial mouth. He was as densely populated with freckles as a bandmaster is with medals. Fans in the grandstand could distinctly see the freckles gleaming like jewels on his big thumb as he gave it a masterful jerk over his right shoulder to indicate that some nostalgic base runner, attempting to steal home, was defunct.

ON duty and off duty he wore the robes of office—a shiny blue serge suit that fitted him as if he had been put into it by hydraulic pressure, a short peaked cap that shaded eyes that challenged, "Kick at my decision—if you dare!" a blue flannel shirt, and rubber soled sneakers. Thus attired, he was ready, at a second's notice, to stride majestically to his place as arbiter.

From early in the spring until late in the fall it was his habit to carry in his coat pockets two baseballs. They made him bulge, but this did not perturb him; he believed in preparedness; and besides he bulged naturally, anyhow.

Brisker citizens of Clinton City said Speck Rouse was just plain lazy. They said of him that since such positions as announcer of stations on a trans-Atlantic liner and feeder of the zoo anacondas, who dine but once a month, were full, he had taken to umpiring. The nice people who lived in the big houses up on the North Hill Road, and who umpired their own golf and bridge games, did not consider him an asset to the city.

Even his friends—for, although he was an umpire, a certain bluff geniality when off duty had won him some friends—conceded that Speck Rouse was no ornament; a man who has applied perpetual motion to the mastication of tobacco seldom is.

But it was not his umpiring nor his lack of decorativeness that made the nice people consider him a municipal liability; it was the fact that Speck Rouse, when his mind was not occupied with his serious work as umpire, turned to lighter pursuits and was a politician.

Among other attributes of which Clinton City boasted, in common with not a few other American cities, was a scandalous political situation. Following the accepted practice, the first rate men of the town ran the banks, the big stores, and the newspapers, and left the management of the affairs of the city to men who at best were second rate and at worst tenth rate. Speck Rouse, it was generally agreed, was twelfth rate.

Speck did errands for Boss Cooney down in the Second Ward and was now and then rewarded by crumbs from the political table. For years he added to his income by holding the office of official poundmaster of the city, at a small but steady stipend. It was a job much to Speck's liking. His first step on entering office was to abolish the pound and to transfer the dogcatcher to the department of education as a truant officer. This done, his work was greatly simplified. It consisted of sauntering down to the city hall once a month to sign the pay roll. He sometimes grumbled about red tape; why couldn't they mail him his check?

It was felt by a good many citizens that Speck Rouse's political philosophy was pretty low.

"The worst type of ward heeler," they said. Such criticism caused no blush of shame to mantle the pied face of Mr. Rouse.

"Them cranks!" he said cheerfully. "What do they know about politics?"

Down in the Second Ward where Speck was born and raised men take a highly practical view of political affairs. Long before they learn to name the Presidents they are schooled in the creed that a government is something that exists to provide them with jobs—soft jobs—preferably. This was the creed of Speck Rouse; any other seemed heresy, or nonsense, to him.

IT was all very simple and entirely fitting. You helped get out the vote in the Second Ward and assisted Boss Cooney to elect his man mayor. Such labor and such loyalty naturally deserved to be rewarded. Being a man of sense, you chose for your reward not a rising vote of thanks nor a silver loving cup, but something rather more easily convertible into the coin of the realm—a good, easy job as poundmaster, for example. Speck Rouse was not familiar with the word "altruism," but if it were explained to him that it meant doing something for nothing he would have been whole heartedly derisive.

"Story book stuff," he would have remarked. "A pipe dream! A guy has to live. This is a tough old world. It's a case of dog eat dog. Get yours. That's my platform."

When a reform lady once sought to wither him by demanding, "Call yourself a patriot, do you?" Speck Rouse replied placidly:

"Sure I do. It pays."

Now, Speck Rouse wasn't interested in politics really; and, of course, the idea of being interested in the minor offices a grateful party gave him was too ridiculous to be given even a passing thought while shaving. To him politics meant a job that would keep the home fires burning and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

leave him free to pursue his real interest in life, his grand passion.

Some men dream golden dreams of captaining giant ships as they speed across trackless seas, other men yearn to conduct symphony orchestras, others aspire to be Titans of finance and to make bulls and bears tremble with fear at their frown; still others wish to be great lovers, or explorers pushing through untrodden jungle fastnesses, or scientists seeking and finding a new element.

For such ambitions Speck Rouse would not have parted with a single freckle from his hoard. He had attained his goal. From a pinnacle he surveyed a pigmy world. He was an umpire—"the Umps." He asked for nothing more; indeed, that there was anything more in life did not for a moment occur to him.

What could be grander than to be the absolute autocrat of the great American game? What could give one a more thrilling sense of power than to condemn a batter to instant death with a deep toned "Strike thr-r-r-e-e-e! Yer out!" And if the irate batter turned with a protesting "Strike? Say, Mr. Umps, that one was so clost it near took me tonsils out," think of being so puissant that one could quell the rebel with a frosty eye and a stern, incisive "Cut the lip! Another crack like that and I bench you. See!"

When he was umpiring Speck Rouse was monarch of all he surveyed. He was the supreme court, and from his decisions he admitted no appeal. He was fair, firm—and infallible.

Of the history of art, literature, and his country Speck Rouse could have written his knowledge on a post card; of astronomy, botany, and geography he could have engraved his knowledge on the head of a pin; but baseball he knew inside out.

A well thumbed rule book was as essential a part of his everyday equipment as his garters. It was always a proud moment for him when some stranger asked him what he did. He held his head high as he made answer:

"Me? Why, by profession I'm an umpire."

THEY still tell in those parts of the day the Clinton City Hustlers played the Slag Hollow Miners for the championship of the county. The game was played in a lot back of the blast furnaces of Slag Hollow and the entire town was there to cheer its favorite sons. Slag Hollow had backed its team down to its last dime.

Slag Hollowites love a fight, and they hate to see the home team beaten. To this end they have a short, virile way with umpires who offend against the Slag Hollow proprieties: they spray him with pop bottles and purge him in the convenient canal. Indeed, it is a question whether they go to the games to see the playing or to commit mayhem, verbal and physical, on the person of the umpire.

"Going to umpire the game, Speck?" a friend asked him.

"Sure."

"The last umps is still running."

"Huh!" Speck's face wore the look a barber wears when he speaks of safety razors.

"They chased one umps up a tree and pelted him with mushmelons."

"Huh!"

"I'd go fishing instead, if I was you."

"You would?"

There was a certain amount of raillery at Speck Rouse in the early innings of that game. The Slag Hollow partisans openly suggested that he consult an oculist. But, as the Slag Hollow team was leading comfortably, six to three, and as Speck Rouse's decisions had been so obviously fair, the crowd was behaving, for it, mildly enough. Then came the ninth.

A Clinton City player singled. The next man cracked the ball down the right field line; it was fair by inches, and Speck Rouse called it fair. Throaty mutterings welled up from the jammed stands. The Slag Hollow pitcher offered some wide ones to the next batter.

"Ball one."

"Ball two."

The crowd was stirring in the stands, like a waking tiger.

"Strike one."

"Why didn't yuh call that a ball, you big blind stiff?"

"Ball three."

Howls of rage from the stands, although the ball had almost unlaced the batter's shoes. The next pitch buzzed in close to the batter's bosom.

"Ball four."

"Robber!" "Thief!" "Kill the big cheese!" "Murder him! Murder him! Murder him!"

The crowd was working itself into a fine frenzy; hands closed on the necks of pop bottles.

The next Clinton City batter, seeing that the bases were full, felt that something was expected of him, so he reclined heavily against the first ball. It streaked past the left fielder, who pursued it and captured it just as the batter was sprinting past third. The fielder's strong armed throw was a homing pigeon that flew to the plate just as the runner dived across it in a cloud of dust. It was an eyelash decision. The crowd sent up a raucous outcry.

"He's out!" "Out a mile!" "Out, out, out, out!"

Then they heard the voice of Speck Rouse, crisp and clear:

"Safe."

The storm broke. Slag Hollow to a man spilled out of the stands; they were like bees pouring from an overturned hive. A pop bottle whistled through the air; another, another. They missed their target—Speck Rouse. He straightened up, planted himself firmly astride the home plate, and turned to face the mob as it surged out toward him.

"He's out. Call 'im out," the leader of the mob, a gorilla visaged miner, snarled.

"He's safe," said Speck Rouse, "and that goes."

"Kill the big bum!" "Drown him in the canal!" "Let me at the robber!" "Murder him!" "Lynch him!" "Burn him alive, the thief!"

Speck Rouse reached into his pocket and drew out a cheap watch.

In a great voice that made itself heard above the uproar he cried:

"If the diamond ain't cleared in one minute I forfeit the game to Clinton City."

"Smash his head!" "Kill 'im."

But Speck did not budge and the crowd paused, puzzled. In their experience umpires always took to their heels at this point. This one didn't; what was more surprising, Speck took a stride toward them. His eyes were hot.

"The man was safe," he said, "and if any of you bozos don't like the decision I'll take you on, one at a time, under the stand, after the game. Now—you got just twenty seconds to clear the diamond. Pla-a-a-y ball-l-l-l."

He stuck out his big sharp chin at them, and they did not come on; the thought seemed to occur to them that they might become impaled on it. They melted back to the stands. The game was finished, Clinton City won, and Speck Rouse walked to the train—alone. No one had accepted his postgame invitation.

II.

ONE morning the nice people of Clinton City awoke to discover a piece of news in the paper that made them chew their cereal indignantly. It was this:

> Martin Rouse of 11 Pinkney Avenue has been appointed United States Consul for the Isle of Jong. Mr. Rouse, who is known to all sport devotees in this part of the State as "Speck," received news of his appointment last night. The position, which carries a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year, was given to Mr. Rouse, it is reported, on the recommendation of Leader James J. Cooney, whose lieutenant Mr. Rouse has been in the Second Ward. Jong is a small island in the Pacific. Mr. Rouse will leave at once.

The nice people groaned as they ate their eggs.

"Fine state of affairs," they said. "Imagine—the United States being represented by that freckled loafer, Speck Rouse. What's the country coming to, anyhow?"

Then they brightened as they drank their coffee.

"Well," they said, "anyhow Clinton City will be rid of him."

What Speck Rouse said when Boss Cooney informed him: "Well, Speck, I got you a good job. Lot of dough and nothing to do. Now maybe you'll stop pestering me awhile," was:

"Jong? Say—what league is that in?"

"Way out in the bushes," the boss told him. "But what's that to you? All you got to do is lie in a hammock and draw your pay."

"I'll do that all right," said Speck, "and that's all I will do, too."

And that—the handful of American residents of Jong shortly discovered—was all the new consul did do. Under a palm tree in a hammock in the courtyard of the plaster consulate, Speck Rouse, in a flapping suit of white

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

An Author Who LIVED His Characters

Such was Richard Harding Davis, whose life was one long, brilliant adventure. As war correspondent he saw and wrote of the Graeco-Turkish, Spanish-American, and World wars. One of the most forceful writers of his day, he created romantic characters that inspire youth and make him one of today's best sellers.

Thomas Beer,

Whose great biography of Stephen Crane is declared to have touched a new note in American works of the kind, has written a masterly biographical sketch of Mr. Davis. It will appear in the next issue of Liberty. Be sure to read this remarkable article.

Is This The End
of Falling Hair and Baldness?

4 MEN IN 7 BALD AT 40
—yet 91% needlessly, by tests

Our experience shows falling hair and baldness most always due to Infected Sebum. Now quickly overcome. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Signed Guarantee to Grow Hair!

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by signed guarantee, given by your own dealer. If we fail, you pay nothing.

Science has made amazing discoveries. We have proven that while 4 men in 7 are either bald or partially bald at 40, only *9 men* in 100 need *ever* be bald.

Hair roots seldom die from natural causes. When not dead, they can be revived. We have proven this by regrowing hair on 91 heads in 100.

Some of the highest authorities approve this new way. Great dermatologists now employ similar ingredients—many charge as much as $300.00 for a similar basic treatment.

Baldness is a symptom of a disease. Note this fact and mark it. It is frequently the result of infection of the Sebum, the scalp oil.

Infected Sebum

Sebum is an oil. It forms in the glands at the follicles of the hair. Its purpose is to lubricate the hair.

But it often becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It clogs the follicles and plugs them. Germs by the millions then start to feed upon the hair. Falling hair soon is marked. Then comes—with neglect—baldness.

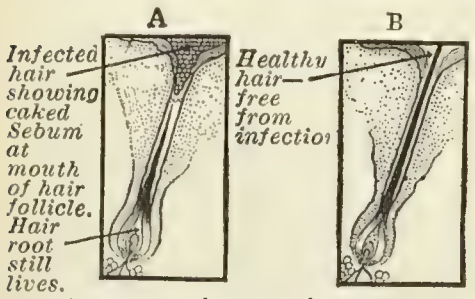
Remove that infection and your hair will almost always grow. We back this statement with a money-back guarantee. Hence it is folly for anybody with falling hair not to make the test.

Now We Remove It

Our treatment is based on a new principle. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It kills infection—it squeezes out the infected Sebum. Falling hair soon stops. We have demonstrated that it revives dormant hair roots and makes new hair grow where the hair roots are alive. Remember, it is guaranteed. More than 400,000 men have made this test.

Warrant Given by Your Dealer

No red tape. The guarantee is positive. You are the judge. Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain the Van Ess 3-bottle treatment. With it you will get a signed guarantee. Hence it is folly not to try it.



These two pictures show a cross section of the hair root or bulb and the case which encloses each hair from the root to surface of scalp (greatly magnified). Germ infected Sebum causes 91% of baldness and falling hair. Remove it and hair will grow. Illustration (A) shows Sebum infected hair and (B) healthy hair.

CostsNothing

Unless we grow hair, The Van Ess 3-bottle treatment is absolutely guaranteed. You are the sole judge. **The warrant is given by your own dealer.** All we require is his signature showing you have purchased a ninety-day treatment. If it fails, we refund your money. Hence you assume no risk making this test.

Note This New Way
—It Massages the Treatment Directly into the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." It combines a **massage** and medicament in one treatment. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed medicament down into follicles of the scalp where it can do some good. At the same time the nipples give your head a massage.

It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

VAN ESS
Liquid
Scalp Massage

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.
28 East Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

duck, lay and drank cooling drinks, read the baseball news in the papers, and grew steadily fatter, while the white traders and the missionaries fumed in their bamboo bungalows and thought uncomplimentary thoughts about the government.

"If the diamond ain't cleared in one minute I forfeit the game to Clinton City."

Speck Rouse's only gleam of interest in the natives was evinced when he saw one day a duel between two well-muscled young Jongs. They fought with coconuts at a hundred paces, and the duel ended when one of the Jongs bowled the other over with a swift coconut that bounced from his adversary's broad chest.

"That lad's got a wing like Walter Johnson," remarked Speck. Then he sighed, for a fit of heavy homesickness suddenly bore down on him; he went back to his hammock and read, for the ninety-ninth time, the baseball rule book.

It was Crater, the trader, who had no better sense than to get embroiled with a Jong chief one sultry day. The dispute was over some bananas, and Crater, a lean, hard-eyed Kentuckian, emphasized a point in his argument by roundly kicking the chief. The Jongs are a martial race, proud and revengeful. The chief laid Crater low with a convenient coconut that hummed as it hurtled through the air. There was an axe handy and Crater introduced it into the debate with telling effect. The logic of the white man's axe settled the case then and there.

That evening as a tropical twilight slid softly down on the Isle of Jong, from out the jungle stole four bare brown men, well thewed and sinewed, and they bore their chief back to the high plateau in the heart of the woods.

Sable night was on the island when Mr. Barrett, the missionary, sitting on the porch of his bungalow, paused in his conversation with his wife, held his breath, listened. Then even a fifteen-year tan could not hide his pallor.

"Do you hear it, Mary? Do you hear it?"

She clutched his arm and held it, for she, too, had heard, deep in the jungle,

"Boom, boom, boom, boom."

"The war drum, Tom?"

Mr. Barrett nodded.

"See," he said, pointing. Far away in the sky they saw the reflected glow of a fire—blood red against the blackness.

"O, Tom, what can it mean?"

"The sacrifice fire," he said. "They are dancing—up there."

"But, surely, that doesn't mean——"

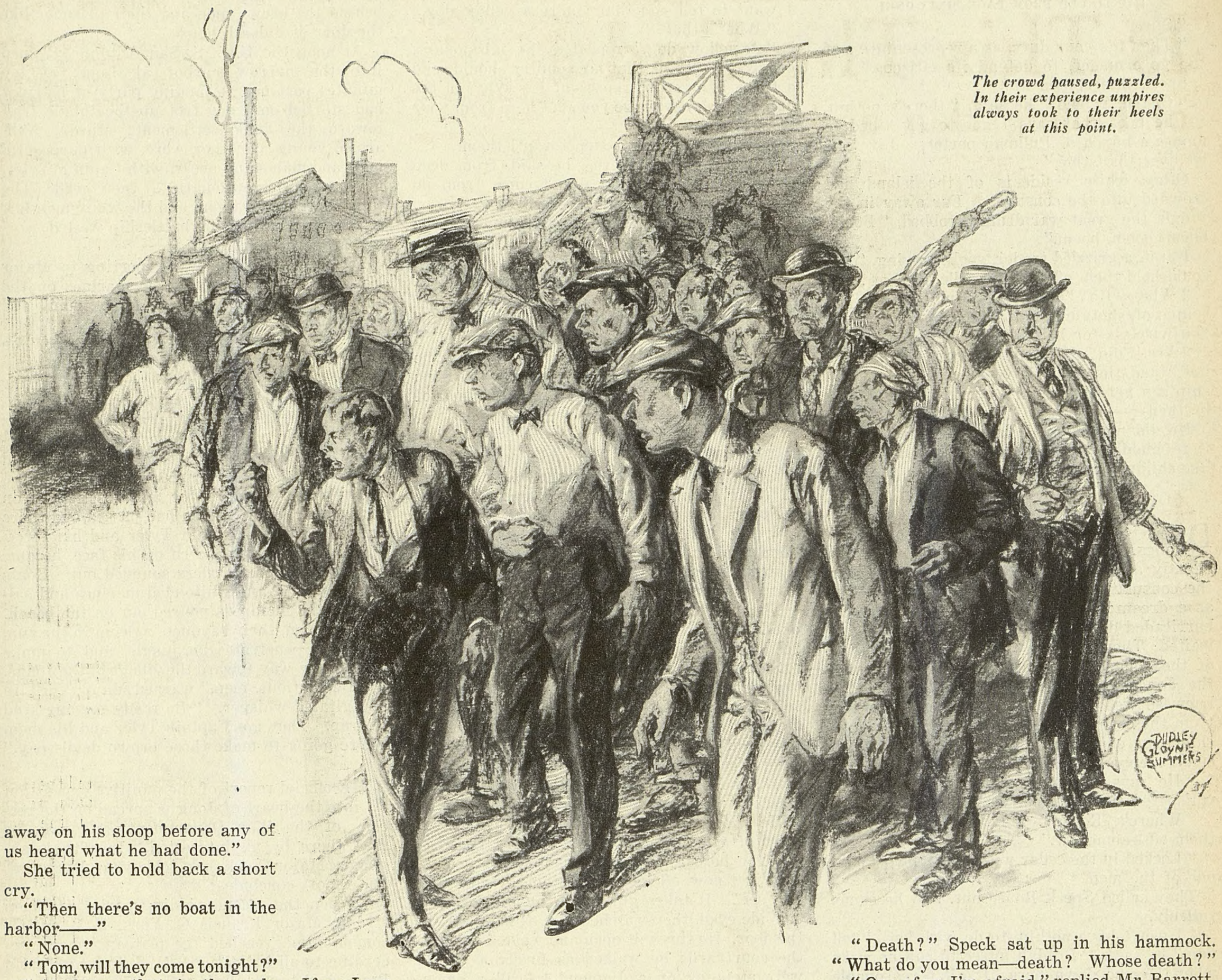
"I'm afraid so, Mary. I didn't tell you, because I didn't want to frighten you. I hoped this wouldn't happen. But a white man—Crater—killed one of their chiefs today; and you know the Jong code."

She shuddered.

"Did they catch Crater?" she asked.

The missionary did not answer for a moment, and when he did his face and his voice were very grave.

"No; they didn't. He slipped



The crowd paused, puzzled. In their experience umpires always took to their heels at this point.

away on his sloop before any of us heard what he had done."

She tried to hold back a short cry.

"Then there's no boat in the harbor——"

"None."

"Tom, will they come tonight?"

"At dawn—that is the code. If a Jong chief is killed, one of the enemy must be sent on the long journey with him before noon of the next day."

"But—can't they be stopped?"

MR. BARRETT shook his head. He was a mild, fragile little man.

"You know how little influence I have with the jungle Jongs. You know how hard I've tried to teach them American ways, American games—but I've not made much headway. Force is the only thing these savages understand."

"But, surely, they won't dare——"

"Jongs will dare anything."

"But we're Americans."

"Yes," he said, "so we are, Mary." Then, he added bitterly, "And so is that fellow Rouse."

"Won't he do anything at all, Tom? He's consul."

The missionary laughed a laugh as dry as autumn leaves.

"I doubt it," he said.

"We'd better hurry to the consulate," said his wife. "It has iron bars and thick walls. Perhaps——"

Mr. Barrett stood up.

"If only there was a *man* there," he said.

The Barretts were the first of the white people to reach the consulate. The others came hurrying there soon after, for they, too, had read the menace in those deep drum notes and the blood-red fire in the sky.

When Mr. Barrett and his wife drew near the palm trees between which the consul's hammock hung they heard regular blurred sounds like a bumblebee in a jug. Then they saw a white mound in the hammock, looking like the wash of a large family. Consul Speck Rouse opened sleepy eyes at their approach.

"Mr. Rouse, there's trouble on the island!"

"Huh?"

"Trouble—danger—see the reflection in the sky—hear that drum."

"They don't bother me none," said Speck Rouse, affably. "I used to live over a garage."

"But you don't understand. They mean business—those Jongs. Bad business for us."

"I don't talk about business outside of office hours," yawned Speck Rouse; he was half awake and was striving to assume a species of dignity.

"But, man alive, they'll be here in a few hours."

"Can't see 'em before ten. Office hours, ten to twelve. It's on the sign."

"In Heaven's name, wake up and listen to me." The missionary's exigent tone made Speck open his eyes all the way. "The Jongs are on the warpath. Their business is—death."

"Death?" Speck sat up in his hammock. "What do you mean—death? Whose death?"

"One of us, I'm afraid," replied Mr. Barrett.

"Huh! Those smokes better not bother me. I'm the consul, I am. I'll just let 'em know that the Pacific Fleet is cruising out this way somewhere and if they pull any rough stuff, I'll sick some marines on those brown babies."

Desperately Mr. Barrett addressed Speck Rouse.

"Send for help—yes; but it will be too late. I know the Jongs; you don't. They'll strike at dawn."

"Huh?"

"They'll want the life of one of us."

"Then let 'em have Crater. He's the one that laid out George."

"George?"

"Sure. All smokes is named George."

"But Crater's gone on his sloop."

"He has—well, that yella——"

"And there are only six men and four women left. What are you going to do?"

"Me?" Surprise was in Speck's tone. "Me? What's this got to do with me? I didn't start no row, did I? It wasn't me that walloped George, was it? I don't go messing up with these here Jongs, do I? I ignore 'em."

His manner was aggrieved. The missionary laid an urgent hand on Speck's thick arm.

"But you're the American consul, aren't you?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

"Sure."

"Then it's your duty, as a representative of the government, to defend its citizens."

Speck interrupted him.

"Listen, friend," he said, "there's nothin' in the book that says I got to get killed to amuse a bunch of Pullman porters. Live and let live; that's me."

Other white residents of the island had crowded into the consulate. Far away in the jungle the great war drum throbbed, "Boom, boom, boom, boom."

Karst, a grizzled trader, spoke, saying, "We could hold them off a little while, anyhow."

"What with?" demanded Mr. Barrett. "A couple of shotguns and a target pistol? Did you wireless for help, Karst?"

"Yes, I did; the minute I heard the drum—but," and the trader's voice grew grim, "no ship can get here before noon tomorrow, and by then——"

He did not finish the sentence; the women were huddling together in the dining room, like children in a storm.

III.

DAWN came slowly; and with it came the Jongs. They filtered out of the forest as silently as bronze shadows, and closed in on the consulate. The morning was as noiseless as a dream; behind the barred windows and barricaded doors the white men crouched and waited. They could see the knives in the hands of the Jongs, and the braided bags in which the Jongs carried the polished stones they knew so well how to use. Two hundred feet from the consulate the Jongs stopped, and the chief, an enormous man in crimson breech clout, stepped forward.

"He says one of us must go with him," whispered the missionary.

"Where's Rouse? Maybe he could scare them off—somehow."

"Locked in the cellar with the women," said one of the men.

They called Speck Rouse out, and he came, sullenly.

"I won't have nothin' to do with 'em, I tell you," he said. "I didn't agree to run no risks when I come down here. It ain't reasonable to expect me to."

"But, man, they're beyond reason. You must do something. We, as citizens of the United States, demand the protection of the flag——"

"There she floats," said Speck Rouse, "but that don't seem to bother George and his gang none. I tell you I can't do a thing. Wish I could; but I'm a consul, not an army."

"But your duty——"

Speck's face hardened obstinately.

"It ain't up to me," he answered. "This is a private row."

"But aren't you a man? Haven't you any pride?"

Speck scowled.

"Sure—but I got my life to think about, ain't I?"

They were turning from him, hopelessly, when Mr. Barrett said, his voice thin with a cold, helpless rage:

"We're going to try to stand them off, Rouse. You can stay in the cellar with the women. We won't be able to hold them long. You and I may never see each other again; so before I go I want to tell you that you're a yellow dog."

"What's that?"

"A yellow dog," repeated the missionary, evenly. "To think that my country should send a thing like you to represent it! Why, in the name of decency, were you sent here from your kennel? Why——"

Speck Rouse took a step toward them.

"Just a minute there," he said, from deep down in his chest. "I didn't come from no kennel. I was an umpire, I was."

It was Karst who answered him, and the face of the trader was contorted with contempt.

"A hell of a fine umpire you were, then! A yellow dog like you."

Speck Rouse's face blazed; he seemed to be trying to catch his breath; words jammed in his throat; but before he could say them the men had turned on their heels and had gone back to their posts to wait for the attack of the Jongs.

APPARENTLY the Jong chief had decided to give them a few minutes to deliver one of their number before he struck. To the white men the waiting was cruel. Then they saw the chief turn to his men as if to give them final orders for the assault. The Jongs seemed to gather themselves like brown panthers preparing to spring.

Then the white men became aware that someone had entered the room behind them. Barrett, Karst, and the rest jerked around.

Speck Rouse was standing there. They saw that he was not dressed in his loose white duck suit now. He had taken it off and donned instead an old suit of blue serge that was much too tight for him; he had put on a short visored cap. Over his freckled face was a wire mask, and a pneumatic chest protector covered his chest; his side pockets bulged.

He addressed them in the strained hoarse voice of a man holding back a great rage.

"You bozos," he said, "insulted my profession just now. That's one thing I don't stand for, see? It takes guts to be an umpire."

Wide eyed, they watched him as he strode to the door. He threw it open and walked out into the courtyard; he walked as firmly as if he were stepping on a diamond to call a game. Straight up to the Jong chief Speck Rouse walked. Then the white men heard his voice, the only sound in the silence of the tropical morning.

"Well, George, here I am. Let's go."

Then they saw three score and more brown bodied men close in around the man in blue, and bear him away. The green jungle closed behind the brown men and their prisoner like the door of a death house.

At noon the U. S. S. San Antonio steamed into the narrow harbor at Jong; at ten minutes past noon a landing party of marines had started on a dog trot up the jungle trail toward the Jong settlement; sturdy, well-armed young men they were, with purposeful jaws and mahogany necks, with Captain Tyler, his hand on his automatic, at their head. The jungle swallowed them, and the white men left in the town and on the battleship waited.

"Three o'clock, sir."

Lieutenant Farrell was reporting to Major York, in command of all the marines on the ship. The major, who had been pacing the deck, turned with a worried face.

"I should have sent a stronger force," he said. "These Jongs are tricky devils, they tell me. Usually two platoons are enough for this sort of job. But maybe they were ambushed. Lieutenant, if Captain Tyler and his men are not back in fifteen minutes, be prepared to send all the marines ashore, and all the gobs that can be spared."

The major watched the minutes tick by on his watch. When fifteen had passed and there was no news of Captain Tyler and his force, Major York, deep concern on his face, became a dynamo. Sharp orders sounded out. Boats were lowered, and white clad marines and sailors by the hundreds poured out on the beach. Files of men, their bayonets agleam in the sun, began to penetrate the jungle, and to make their wary way toward the village of the Jongs.

"Be cautious, men," warned Major York, in an agitated whisper. "Be ready for any kind of trap. They got Captain Tyler and his men. We're going to make those brown devils pay."

THE official report of the punitive expedition into the heart of Jong is spread on the records of the War Department, and may be read there by all interested. In official language, Major York has told what happened. His report concludes:

"When the second raiding party, 540 men strong, Major Francis G. York, U. S. M. C., commanding, reached the plateau, where, according to all indications, U. S. Consul Martin Rouse had been killed, and a party of 77 marines, Captain Warren Tyler commanding, had been ambushed and massacred, strange, wild cries were heard in the Jong language. Our interpreter reported that these cries meant, "Kill, kill, kill. Murder, murder, murder." Cries in English were also heard, so we pressed forward rapidly, hoping to arrive in time to save possible survivors of the first landing party, who appeared still to be holding off the Jongs.

"On reaching the plateau we we were greatly surprised to find that a baseball game was in progress between a team picked from the marines and a team of Jongs. The cries we had heard came from the Jongs and the marines, who were seated together, peaceably enough, beside an improvised diamond, and these cries were directed at U. S. Consul Martin Rouse, who was umpiring the game.

"Both landing parties returned to the ship in good order at eighteen minutes past six. Only one casualty was reported: Private (first class) Dennis J. Finnegan, U. S. M. C., right thumb split by a foul tip."

THE END

She Won the Beauty Prize, but She Lost Her Husband!

THAT, in brief, is the story of the most regal of the Ziegfeld beauties. And the picture that gained fame for her was a bridal picture, entered secretly in the beauty contest by the adoring young husband who has now faded from the scene. Can you imagine a Ziegfeld beauty in a kitchenette, attired in gingham and cooking a pot roast? Can you—but see the next issue of Liberty for all the fascinating details. The story is called: The Prettiest Girl—She Won the Beauty Prize and Lost Her Husband.

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